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McKean County Miner.

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An Interesting Letter.

Cloudcroft, N. M., Jan. 21, 1902.

Friend Harry:—Having a few moments time I will try and write you a short letter. They keep us pretty busy up here, consequently I cannot give you much information obtained from personal observation.

Last Friday, like the good Samaritan, the MINER found me in the snow clad hills of the Sacramento mountains. Nobody can half appreciate the value of a home paper till some day he finds it among his mail while located in a place thousands of miles away. Although we are old acquaintances I must admit that I had to look twice before I recognized it in its new dress.

Perhaps few people from the Keystone State, with the exception of the woodsmen from Potter County, have ever visited this part of New Mexico. Only a few short years ago it was what might properly be called a wilderness, harboring the cruel and barbarious Apache after his bloody raids upon the unprotected white settler who tried to make a home for himself on the vast plains below. Geronimo the notorious Apache chief that they exhibited at the Pan-Am. last summer, held undisputed sway and his deeds of blood and carnage are fresh in the memories of many of the present inhabitants. What remains of this once great tribe now resides on the San Carlos reservation, just across the line in Arizona.

To me life in the forest has many charms. A fish can rob for miles and on every side the stately pine, spruce and balsam look down upon you with majestic grandeur, unmindful of the fact that in a few short years it will fall an easy prey to the woodman's ax.

Owing to its high altitude (which is 9,000 feet), pure water, and uniform temperature this part of New Mexico is very healthy. Cloudcroft, a little town situated on the summit of the mountains, is perhaps one of the most noted mountain health and summer resorts in the United States. Thousands of people from all parts of the world seek health and pleasure beneath the branches of the yet unbroken forests. During the summer months it looks for all the world like an army camp for the pleasure seekers all live in tents.

During the winter months we have copious falls of snow ranging from six inches to two feet. On the south side of the canyon it soon melts away, but the north side retains its cover till the warm spring days come. Anybody that likes variety gets it here. Sunday evening snow fell to the depth of sixteen inches and Friday a forest fire was one of the chief attractions. How the show stands the hot penetrating rays of the sun is a mystery to me. Since I have been here the sun shines brightly every day from about 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. During this time you can sit with comfort beneath the shade of some friendly tree. After the sun goes down it becomes very cold and you are glad to seek a good fire made of pine knots. In the canyons of New Mexico you find no brooks or streams of any kind. When the snow disappears instead of rushing in torrents down the mountain side like it does at home it seems to evaporate.

As you pass through the canyons at frequent intervals you are greeted by a spring of pure glistening water gushing out through the side of the mountain. After running a short distance it disappears again in old mother earth as if for protection. From these springs the inhabitants get their supply of water which, judging from their appearance, is used to a far greater extent internally than externally.

Game in this country is very plentiful. The black tail deer roams the mountains at will. It is not an uncommon sight while walking along the public road to see from one to six in a bunch wending their way along the hillside. Wild turkeys are also very plentiful, while farther back in the mountains we find lion, wildcat, wild dog and wolf.

The natives of the mountainous districts are mostly Americans, with a few Mexicans. The climate is too cold for the Mexicans, consequently we do not have many of them, especially during the winter. Most of them who live here are dirty, shiftless and lazy. They live in little tents and shacks made of a combination of logs, boards, branches of trees and clay. They do not require much room. I have seen as many as ten live in a tent six by ten. During the day they sit on the ground outside their tents enjoying the warm rays of the sun. The children wear very little clothing and from appearance I really believe that were you to mention such a thing as a bath to them they would ask you if it is good to eat.

The native American seems somewhat inclined to roam. The majority of them have no ambition to possess anything more than a team of mules, wagon, two bales of straw and a small tent. If he succeeds in getting the above articles he is happy.

Well, Harry, by the time you get this deciphered you will wish me in some warmer clime so I will close wishing you the best of success I am

Yours truly,
Fred T. McCarthy.

ROBBED A PACK PEDDLER.

Two Smethport Young Men Charged With Larceny By a Peddler of Bradford. It Happened Last Friday Night

A Hebrew peddler named H. Nesselson of Bradford caused the arrest of James Maloney and Chas. Long last Saturday morning, charging them with having stolen a pack the night before containing about $75 worth of goods. Nesselson says that he stopped at a house near Marvindale Friday night intending to sleep there. He left his sleigh containing his goods near the road and when he went to get them to put them under cover for the night he discovered that a large pack was missing. A woman in the vicinity informed him that she saw two men drive up in a cutter, take the pack and start off in the direction of Smethport. The peddler lost no time in hitching up and taking the trail. In the vicinity of the Marvin street bridge in this place he came in sight of two men driving a single rig and their actions made him certain that they were the guilty parties. When they saw that they were followed they whipped up the horse and apparently tried to give their pursuer the slip. He followed them around the streets until he broke the shafts from his sleigh. Later he found the pack at Daly's livery barn where the men had presumably left it. After making inquiries he notified Officer Wolfe. Squire Knapp was roused from his bed about 2 a. m. and informations obtained for the arrest of Maloney and Long. The men waived a hearing and both gave bail for their appearance at court. The pack which caused all the trouble was committed to the care of Deputy Sheriff Alex. Clarke, who immediately lodged it in jail.

Two Young Men Killed.

Acting Coroner Sherman was notified yesterday of the death of two men who were killed by the cars. One was Albert Johnson of Westline, son of Swan Johnson, a well known resident of that place. Albert Johnson was employed on E. K. Kane's railroad as a brakeman. At Mead Run, yesterday forenoon, he was in the act of stepping from one moving car to another of the train on which he was working, when he slipped to the track and was crushed to death under the wheels. The body was taken to Westline and word was sent to the coroner, who will proceed this morning to investigate the circumstances of the fatality. Albert Johnson was aged 21 years.

Near Eldred Charles See, also aged 21 years, was driving across the Pennsylvania track at Wilcott's crossing, when train due at Eldred at 3:13 p. m., struck his team and conveyance. See was instantly killed, as was one of his horses. The other horse escaped serious injuries. The sleigh was wrecked. Charles See was the son of David See who lives across the river from Eldred. Coroner Sherman deputized Justice of the Peace C. C. Moses to hold an inquest and ascertain the facts of the deplorable occurrence.—Bradford Era.

What About It?

A pistol shot rang out on the last Thursday night air! Residents in the vicinity of Main and Franklin streets were thrilled with excitement. Deep and unearthly groans added teror to the situation. A few bold spirits started an investigation just as "Bob" Gaskin appeared on the scene. "Bob" explained that he was running along selling his papers when a flash, report and the whizzing of a bullet by his head succeeded one another in alarming succession. He continued running. The police force arrived and with the assistance of Mr. Baker of the Democrat made a rigid examination of the situation. That was about all.

Murder at Shawmut.

A dispatch from Brockwayville dated Jan. 26, says: A cold-blooded murder took place at Shawmut, three miles from this town, at 11 o'clock last night, in which James Higgins, a miner, was killed by a revolver in the hands of Thomas Landatine, an Italian shoemaker. The crime was apparently premeditated, as the murderer deliberately walked up to Higgins and sent a bullet crashing through his brain without a word. The Italian escaped to the woods and a posse of 50 men armed with revolvers and other weapons started after him through the snow.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 4, 1902.

Herman Cooper, A. T. Cross, Miss Pauline Leslie, Petter Svenson (foreign).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

A Cheerful Home

made so by a box of "The Delicious" Chocolates from the factory of The Rochester Candy Works, 407 to 418 State street, Rochester, N. Y. A fresh stock always kept by D. M. Binsted.

Teachers Must be Vaccinated.

The Superior Court has upheld that rule of the Board of Education which requires teachers to be vaccinated or lose their positions, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The case in point was one of a High School teacher who was removed because she would not comply with the regulation and sought reinstatement. On the same day this decision was made by the court Director English issued a statement by which it appears that out of the 507 cases recently treated for smallpox at the Municipal Hospital, not one showed the signs of successful vaccination within four years. In the face of this statement the opposition to vaccination is simply unintelligible. We know there are persons who do persist in their opposition, just as we know that there are persons who maintain that the earth is flat. The two seem to be in the same category. The person who cannot be convinced by such facts as are at hand in either case will not be convinced though an angel should tell them to the contrary.

Opposition to vaccination by some persons is on the ground that in spite of almost universal practice of this preventive method, smallpox is more widespread just now than for many years. Those objectors could not have advanced a better argument against their own position. The fact is that in the last decade there has been a very decided laxity in vaccination owing to the fact that smallpox had so nearly disappeared that it was considered useless. This carelessness brought us local reward in the present outburst of the disease in many parts of the country, though it is in much milder form than formerly.

Those who can remember thirty years back are aware of the fact that the precautions against the disease were much more faithfully carried out than they were up to a year ago. Immunity begot carelessness, though the danger has ever been present. It is the theory of some physicians that the present spread of the disease is largely owing to the fact that thousands of soldiers have returned from various parts of the East, and have brought the germs in their clothing. It is undoubted that the scourge has been more prevalent than for many years, and it is only necessary to use moderate care to wipe it out once more.

Now that the city has provided for the free vaccination of all persons, there ought to be none so rash as to omit this most necessary precaution—one that is necessary for the public as well as for individuals.

The Pure Food Crusade.

The Meadville Tribune is authority for the statement that the national pure food act practically has driven all adulterated flours from the markets the entire country though.

Assertions to that effect are frequent now, and apparently they rest upon fact. It is not hazarding much to say that the quality of all our food is being steadily improved. Despite all which disgruntled critics of the Federal and State officials have to say the work is going constantly forward. The purpose of the officials is clear enough. Their task is difficult, and is not to be completed in a day. Nor can it anywhere be finished in a year.

Within this State so much has been done that the dealers in illegal foods stand in constant peril of arrest and turn pale in the presence of the officials. Many of them have been indicted or convicted for their offenses and many have voluntarily quit the sale of the proscribed articles. This work, it might be well to add, will continue. Admittedly in the interest of the public health, it is being conscientiously pressed.

Two Accidents.

In crossing the railroad bridge over Blacksmith brook, near the Smethport glass works, Tuesday evening, William Gaskell slipped on the track and fell to the ground, sustaining a fracture of one of his legs below the knee. Dr. J. C. Brown reduced the fracture and reports his patient resting easily.

Frank Andrews, a blower in the Camp factory met with an accident Tuesday that will lay him up for some time. A piece of glass fell from the nozzle of the blow pipe and striking him on the hand cut a serious gash in that member. Dr. Ostrander is attending the injured man.

BANKING BY MAIL.

Prominent Feature of Pittsburgh's Leading Savings Bank.

Why risk your money by placing it in unsafe places when the system of Banking by mail, inaugurated by the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, Pittsburgh, Pa., makes it so easy to do your banking with that old reliable concern? $9,000,000 assets is your protection and Four per cent. interest, compounded twice yearly, is paid. Established 1863. Write for booklet No. 108.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Death of John W. Brennan.

John W. Brennan died at his home on Mechanic street at 10:10 Monday evening, Jan. 27, 1902, aged 64 years, 2 months and 16 days, from uric acid poisoning.

John Wm. Brennan was born Nov. 11th, 1837, at Rochester, N. Y. When he was quite young his family moved to Wyoming, N. Y., where he attended school. Later they moved to Allegany, N. Y. Here he grew to manhood. About 1860 he went to Bradford, Pa., and helped at constructing the present line of the Erie railroad. Mr. Brennan was conductor of the construction train and afterwards became road supervisor of that railroad, which position he held until his removal to Smethport in 1880. He held various local offices in the town of Bradford, was justice of the peace before the oil excitement, and was a member of the school board when the city was organized. In 1880 he was elected treasurer of McKean county. Since his retirement from the office of county treasurer he has not been actively engaged in business.

Deceased was married July, 1864, to Sarah Crammer of Bradford, Pa., who survives him, together with six children, Mrs. M. J. Gallup, Mt. Jewett, Pa.; Mrs. R. S. Blowers, Westfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Albert Warren, Smethport; Miss Martha Brennan, Smethport, Pa.; H. J. Brennan, Mt. Jewett, Pa., and George W. Brennan, Smethport, Pa. Also two brothers R. Brennan, Wilcox, Pa., H. Brennan, Patton, Pa., and one sister, Mrs. Jane Allen, Smethport, Pa.

Deceased was a member of Bradford Lodge, F. & A. M. He has bravely borne a lingering illness since August, 1900, attending to business, welcoming and consulting friend and children, notwithstanding physical weakness.

The funeral services will be held from his late residence Thursday, Jan. 30th, at 2 p. m., under the auspices of McKean Lodge No. 288, F. & A. M. I. T. Walker, D. D. of Springville, N. Y., assisted by Rev. G. H. Patterson of this place, will officiate. Interment in Rose Hill cemetery.

An Appeal to Justice.

Under the above caption the Mt. Jewett News very truthfully says:

The Borough of Mount Jewett has been a bulwark of strength to the Republican organization of McKean county. From the time of its incorporation as a municipality, to the present, the borough, together with the larger township of Hamilton, has been counted as solid in the Republican column, in every on coming election. Regardless of this obvious fact, it has been claimed unnecessary to give the borough any representation, in the way of public office, or the nomination therefor. This state of affairs appeals to every fair minded person as somewhat unjust to our citizens.

In connection with this matter, we desire to suggest to the party a mode of partially righting the wrong we have so long and patiently suffered. In the next primary election, in which a district attorney will be nominated, we take the liberty of proposing the name of H. S. Rogers, Esq., a gentleman who has the undivided respect and confidence of the residents of Mt. Jewett and the county at large. We are not assured that he would be a candidate, but we are quite certain that he ought to be, and if nominated and elected we know the people would have an officer who would ably serve them and reflect credit on their selection.

Reward of $1,000 for Two Italians.

The Elk county commissioners and the Shawmut Mining Co. jointly offer $1,000 reward for the capture of Tom Madelene and Benny Paoli, Italians, charged with the murder of James Heekin, at Shawmut, near St. Marys, last Saturday. The alleged murders are still at large, but Madelene was traced part of the way between Shawmut and Brockwayville, and is thought to be in hiding in that vicinity, although it is possible he made his escape on a train. A number of determined men are continuing the hunt around Brockwayville, and the police authorities throughout the entire section have been furnished with a description and notified to be on the look out. A report says that much bitter feeling has arisen between the Americans and the foreign element at Shawmut on account of the murder, and it is feared that further trouble will ensue, says the Kane Republican. There is a reward of $300 offered by the Elk county commissioners for the arrest and conviction of Tom Madelene, alias Domiano Marrelno, and $200 for the arrest and conviction of Ben Haslo, alias Benny Paoli, both of whom are wanted for the murder of James Heekin, at Shawmut, Elk county, on the night of the 25th. The above reward has been doubled by the offer of $500 by the Shawmut Mining Co., being $250 for the capture and return of either of the men.

Cash Rummage Sale.

Bell Brothers of Olean are having a great cash semi-annual rummage sale. The sale commenced to-day and will last till February 8th. Everything sold during this sale will be a real bargain. Avail yourself of this opportunity.

Borough Primaries.

At the Republican primaries of this borough, which was held Saturday evening, the following ticket was nominated. Every man named below is thoroughly fitted for the office to which he is nominated and should be elected by a good majority. Here it is:

Councilmen—Chas. E. Johnson, N. D. Ranier, H. M. Choate.

Justice of the Peace—R. C. Gleason.

Constable—Chas. N. Brewer.

High Constable—Andrew Nesbe.

Auditor—H. C. Sasse.

School Directors—D. C. Young, John N. Apple.

Judge of Election—Our Own Harry R. Henderson.

Inspector of Election—A. H. Kohler.

At the Democratic caucus held Monday night the following ticket was placed in nomination:

Councilmen—Francis Freeman, Geo. Gerritt, John W. Voorhees.

Justice of the Peace—Scott F. Redfield.

Constable—E. W. Jones.

High Constable— ——

Auditor—H. B. Sasse.

School Directors—D. L. Forsythe, Dr. John Clark.

Judge of Election—Fred Brennan.

Inspector of Election—Thomas Conley.

Keating Township Primaries.

The Keating township Republican primaries were held Saturday night and the following ticket was placed in nomination:

Supervisors—Frank Fritz, J. B. Bray.

School Directors—J. L. Verdon, Dan Derby.

Constable—Berga Strickler.

Auditor—H. D. Otto.

Town Clerk—H. M. Dagel.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Asst. Assessor—G. Chase.

Judge of Election—Fred Pratt.

Inspector of Election—John Hallock.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Asst. Assessor—J. C. Trumbull.

Judge of Election—F. W. Dagel.

Inspector of Election—W. P. Peck.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Asst. Assessor—J. F. Scott.

Judge of Election—J. Klesath.

Inspector of Election—R. J. Francis.

East Smethport School Report.

ROOM 3.

Per cent of attendance for month ending Jan. 17th, 99. Roll of honor—Beaman Hyde, Uriel Fay, Earl McCarty, William Johnson, Clarence Johnson, Robert King, Homer Thomas, Catherine Fay, Pearl Schoonmaker, May O'Brien, Alma Malen, Lena Fisher, Gertrude Wendel. For spelling recitations, Beaman Hyde.

ROOM 2.

Roll of honor—Noble Schoonmaker, Ernie Stilson, Almond Thomas, Mollie Brougham, Mary Warner, Rille Smith, Alma Johnson, Anna Johnson. Those standing above 90%: Allen King, John O'Conner, Noble Schoonmaker, Roy Thomas, Alma Johnson, Mollie Brougham, Anna Anderson.

ROOM 1.

Roll of honor—Iva Green, Jennie Malen, Ester Johnson, Mamie Wendel, Helen Oviatt, Essie Cullen, Agnes Fay, Florence Walker, Christel Comes, Donald O'Connor, Cordy Wendel, Carl Walker, Herbert Fulcrod.

Penny Postage.

The National Board of Trade, now in session at Washington, is in favor of penny postage, but the postal authorities think they cannot grant it while the Postoffice Department is not self sustaining. Advocates of the one cent rate reply that first-class or letter mail shows a large profit for the government, while all the loss is due to low rates on second class matter, which, they say, is a class discrimination in favor of the publishers. To equalize matters it is suggested that the second class privilege be granted more sparingly. They further argue that penny postage will so increase the number of letters sent that loss to the government will be minimized by the augmented volume of business.

Very Low Rates to the Northwest.

March 1 to April 30, 1902, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell tickets to Montana, Idaho and North Pacific coast points at the following greatly reduced rates: From Chicago to Butte, Helena and Anaconda, $30; Spokane, $30.50; Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, $33. Choice of routes via Omaha or St. Paul.

For further information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, or address John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent, 810 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Attention Parents.

Notice is hereby given, that on and after Feb. 1st, 1902, any and all children creating disturbances in the postoffice will be dealt with according to law.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

My stock of robes and blankets is complete. No better line was ever shown in Smethport. CHARLES LEMMLER

Wanted—Washing and ironing. Address Box 121, Smethport, Pa.

Feed your dog on Spratt's dog biscuits. For sale by Holmes & Gilfillan.

Another Frog Banquet.

To celebrate the recent arrival of a baby boy into his family, H. H. Redfield entertained the famous frolicsome Frogs at the Commercial House Tuesday night. The newly arrived was unanimously elected a tadpole by the assembly and his father voted a credit to the organization. Bert Bartle was appointed Chief Croaker of Swamp No. 3 at Port Allegany, Supreme Congenial Frog Judge Reynolds personally conferring the degree. The spread was heartily enjoyed and was a credit to the caterers. As the hour grew mellow the guests broke out in assorted melody, the hit of the occasion easily being "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" as perpetrated by Messrs. Reynolds and Bartle. The "onward march of civilization" was double discounted by the grand procession to and from the festal board. The Supreme Congenial, of course, "carried the banner." In the words of "Ike" Gleason the affair was a "goodforenosly perfect success and the out-of-town guests many and various."

Red Men Entertain.

Mackanee Tribe, No. 403, I. O. R. M., threw their doors open to their friends last Monday evening. About 200 people availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the inside of their wigwams and spent a very pleasant evening.

After a stirring address of welcome by T. J. Gilbert, J. W. Voorhees and Mrs. Chapman sung a duet in a most pleasing manner, which was followed by an excellent tenor solo by Mr. Voorhees. The Hunter brothers followed with a well rendered duet, and the Kelly quartet wound up the entertainment with some highly appreciated selections.

Meanwhile the mess committees was busy in the culinary department and supper was announced. On the tables everything good to be found in the market was in evidence to which the party did ample justice. After all were served some played cards, while the rest visited among their friends and when at a late hour the party broke up all united in saying that the Red Men are royal entertainers.

An Eventful Trip.

A large party of young people from this place hired the bus and drove to Port Allegany last Wednesday night where they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme. All had a most delightful time and they started for home at 12:30 a. m. When a short distance out of Port Allegany the driver missed the road and the rig tipped over a wire fence. All got out and the boys righted up the vehicle and everything went along smoothly till they reached Link hill which was so badly drifted that the stronger sex was compelled to walk to the top. Bush hill and a deserted rig was their next stumbling block. The whole party had to take a cross country run over the hill, but no one was lost in the drifts and at 6:30 o'clock Thursday morning they reached home, half frozen, tired and hungry.

Lost 600 Barrels of Oil.

Six hundred barrels of crude oil went to waste one day last week on the flats between Coryville and Lafabee. Last fall a pipe line was laid between the two places and the builders hustled the job on account of cold weather. Soon after it was finished the flats were flooded and then the water froze, presumably breaking the line. A pumper at Sartwell started to send 600 barrels from a tank at Sartwell to one at Coryville, there to be run into cars to be shipped over the Shawmut road. When the Sartwell tank was empty the workman went to the other end of the line and found that tank also empty. Investigation showed that the pipe had broken and the oil was flowing over the flats. At the present state of the market the loss is about $500.

Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even the greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not cure all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at H. C. Wells' drug store. Get Green's special almanac.

A Cold To-Day Means Consumption To-Morrow.

Consumption is more often caused by a neglected cold than any other way. It is poor judgment to buy a "common" cough syrup when it is so easy to get Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure the best cough remedy in the world for all serious and stubborn coughs and colds. It never fails. Sold at 25 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

The most extensive line of Robes and Blankets ever shown in town can be seen at J. C. Hamlin's

Now is the time to buy your robes and blankets, and Lemmler's is the place to buy them.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27, 1902.

The Senate has divided its time this week between the Philippines revenue bill and Senator Nelson's bill providing for the establishment of a Department of Commerce in accordance with the recommendations contained in the President's message. The majority of the Philippines committee still have the floor on the revenue bill and as soon as they have concluded their argument the minority report will be taken up and championed by the Democratic side of the chamber. While no actual progress can be reported on the Nelson bill, a better understanding of its provisions is being arrived at and the way paved for its ultimate passage.

Senator Hansborough of North Dakota is working assiduously for the irrigation bill, the provisions of which were agreed upon by the informal "committee of seventeen." In reply to my question as to how he met the argument that government irrigation would simply result in bringing more land into competition with eastern farmers and tend to lower the prices of their products, the Senator made the following statement:

"The settlement of the humid and sub-humid public lands during the past decade has proceeded at the rate of eight to fifteen million acres per year and an examination of the prices of farm products will show there has been no depreciation in values, on the contrary, the average price of farm products for last December was higher than for any similar period during the decade and this, notwithstanding the fact that there were disposed of and settled upon during 1900 and 1901 over twenty-five million acres of public lands.

"Now then, according to the most liberal estimate there is not sufficient water in the arid and sub-arid regions to irrigate over fifty or sixty million acres. Under the provisions of my bill the limit of expenditure is based upon the proceeds of sales from public lands, which last year did not exceed $9,000,000 net. Assuming the proceeds from the sale of public lands to amount to $5,000,000 per annum and the cost of constructing irrigation works to amount to $5 per acre it will be seen that not more than one million acres would be reclaimed a year, that it would take fifty or sixty years to irrigate the land for which we can obtain water and that this gradual reclamation would produce no effect on the prices of farm products. Even with largely increased proceeds from the sale of public lands the reclamation would be too slow to work injury to the eastern farmers.

"As to the expense, the bill provides that the settlers on land benefited by the irrigation shall pay pro rata for the cost of constructing the works, presumably $5 per acre. It further annuls the commutation clause of the homestead law in so far as irrigated lands are concerned, so that the settler will be obliged to actually live on the land for five years, and so removes the danger of the lands falling into the hands of speculators." Senator Hansborough said he expected soon to call on the President and explain to him the workings of his bill which he felt confident would meet Mr. Roosevelt's approval.

The subject of Chinese exclusion, which is before the Senate Committee on Immigration, is attracting considerable attention. Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster has appeared before the committee and testified to the effect that the proposed Mitchell bill was in violation of our treaty with China. Mr. Foster protested against the treaty in which is accorded to the Chinese by this government and dwelt on the futility of trying to build up a trade with China for American exports while we accorded such scant courtesy to the nation and even to Chinese merchants who came to this country to purchase goods. I met Minister Wu at the Congressional reception at the White House on Thursday evening and, while Mr. Wu said that as the matter is in the hands of Congress he did not feel at liberty to express his views on the subject with much freedom, he naturally drifted back, in the course of the conversation, to the subject which is uppermost in his mind. He said that there was the gravest misapprehension in this country in regard to the real conditions prevailing in China and that, as a matter of fact, there was nothing to fear from "Chinese invasion," "China," he said, "is experiencing an industrial awakening and there will be a great demand there for labor for many years to come. Railroads will be built and many public works undertaken, all of which will serve to keep at home the Chinese laborers who in former years sought a market for their labor in this country." Mr. Wu expressed much gratification at the publication, as Senate Document 106, of the anonymous presentation of the Chinese position but protested his absolute ignorance as to the author. He further expressed, in very graceful terms, his appreciation of the fairness of the President in returning the loot taken in China by American marines.

To Representative Tawney of Minnesota is due the credit of a very important amendment to the Henry bill which is intended to take the place of the Grout bill for the regulation of the sale of oleomargarine. Mr. Tawney secured the insertion of a provision in the bill by which any person coloring oleomargarine and selling the colored product to another will be regarded as a manufacturer and be subject to the same conditions. Speaking on the subject yesterday Mr. Tawney said:

"I ascertained that it was the custom in many places, and particularly in Denmark, for the dealer in oleomargarine to furnish with each package a capsule containing coloring matter. By simply warming the oleomargarine and adding the coloring matter it became easy for the dealer, restauranter or boarding-house keeper to produce an article which readily deceived the consumer. That being the case, I felt that the dairy interests would not be adequately protected without the addition of the clause you refer to." A final clause has also been added providing a penalty for the infringement of the law.

The House Ways and Means Committee is still hearing the representatives of the sugar and tobacco interests and of the Cuban interests on the subject of reciprocity with Cuba. Representative McCall of Massachusetts said yesterday that he had determined to vote for reciprocity. That he had concluded that reasonable reciprocity would not prove injurious to American interests and that he believed that the attainment of Cuban prosperity would be a "fitting rounding out of the noble work which this government undertook in freeing Cuba."

Why Drowning Men Claw the Air.

An explanation of the invariable habit of the drowning to reach after the intangible, which has been described as "catching after straws," is explained by the evolutionists as an unconscious return to the instinctive habits of man's arboreal ancestry, the tree inhabiting apes. When consciousness fades to loses its acquired habits, including those inherited from a more recent ancestry, and reverts to the instinctive habits of the frightened monkey who seeks safety by clutching the nearest limb of the tree from which he is in danger of falling.

The movement is certainly instinctive, for it can only be eliminated by considerable training and voluntary efforts, and yet it is fatal to the individual, for the specific gravity of no human body is so nearly that of water that the removal of the arms from the supporting fluid at once sinks face beneath the surface.

In cases of so called "cramps" the victim, often a highly trained swimmer, generally throws up the hands, but in some cases are probably due to heart failure, and a similar movement takes place on land when the subject receives a fatal heart wound, and it is even a common expression of shock or astonishment.

The ordinary movements of walking or running would keep a man's face above the water, but these curious climbing movements of both hands and feet make floating impossible and are responsible for many deaths by drowning.

English Wasps.

The common wasp, as a rule keeps its sting for self defense. It will bite a fly in two with its jaws if it gets in its way on a window pane, but it does not use its sting even when trying to rob a beehive and "tackled" by the bees. The latter will push a wasp away five or six times, hustling it off the footboard without provoking it to sting, but if a bee endeavors to sting the wasp it then grapples with it and stings back, killing or benumbing the insect almost at once.

British wasps are fussy and excitable, but not vicious, like many of the Indian wild bees. However crowded or uncomfortable they may be they very rarely quarrel with or sting each other—as, for instance, when a number are on the same window pane, fretting and anxious to get out. Only when the entrance to their nest is threatened do they become actively aggressive, and then, as a rule, the attack is not begun till the person who excites their fear interposes between them and the entrance to the nest.

A setter dog was noticed to turn and bite itself, whimpering with pain, just as the party were sitting down to a shooting luncheon by the side of a wood in Yorkshire. The dog, being tired, had laid down on the hole of a wasps' nest, and five or six of the yellow insects were stinging it at once, but they did not touch the persons sitting close by.—Spectator.

Mirrors of the Israelites.

The earliest mirrors of which mention is made in history were in use among the Israelites in the time of Moses. That gentleman, as recorded in the Bible, commanded in a certain emergency that these articles should be transformed into wash basins for the priests. They were made of brass. Doubtless similar utensils of this and other materials were in use long before that. At that same period black glass was employed for the purpose, as well as transparent glass with black foil on the back. It is related that the Spaniards found mirrors of polished black stone, both convex and concave, among the natives of South America.

When Wives Were Sold.

A century or so ago wife selling was not an uncommon event in England, as the following item, which appeared in the London News of Nov. 21, 1801, would show:

"On Friday a coal porter exhibited his wife in Smithfield, with a halter round her neck, for sale. He demanded a guinea for her, but she hung on hand for some time, until a man of good appearance made the purchase, and packing her, halter and all, into a hackney coach drove for Blackfriars bridge, amid the huzzas of the mob."

The Left Over Baby.

A woman went into a big department store and checked her baby while she shopped. When she went to get her baby, she found she had lost her check. The manager said she would have to wait and when all the other babies were taken out she could have the one that was left, but the baby left over was a colored baby. This was all right, however, as the woman was colored.—Atchison Globe.

MISS LETITIA'S TROUSSEAU ·II·

By Olive Winston-Gage

Copyright, 1902, by Olive Winston-Gage

LETITIA HOUGHTON was going to be married; consequently many of her dear feminine friends said it was a shame, a scandal, for Letitia to think of such folly at her time of life. These same authorities declared she was fifty-five years old, adding there was no fool like an old one.

Letitia was on the sunny side of forty-five, but did not look as if she were forty, being handsome, with a pretty home, a tidy income, a kind heart and a sound head.

The beneficiaries of her bounty had become accustomed to consider her a spinster, too confirmed a devotee to single blessedness to change her state. What right had that cold thing to be taken in by any impecunious adventurer when she had friends of her lifetime who naturally expected she had no kinspeople to be remembered in her will, but that they were mercenary, but that they had a sort of claim upon her.

Remarks of this kind were freely indulged in when the invitations were received. Twenty-five or thirty women talking at once is rather confusing, and as the speakers became excited the comments became more personal and assumed an ill natured circle, and tongues were flying faster than needles.

An exceedingly pretty and richly dressed woman, a guest of the society, now took up the cudgels in defense of the absent.

"Ladies, ladies, is this a modern school for scandal or a church society held in the basement of a sacred edifice? You all have cause to be grateful to Letitia. Why should you speak of her so bitterly now because she exercises the right we have all claimed?"

Mrs. Alyn Alden was a leader of society whose dictum made or unmade a newcomer entering the charmed circle. There was not a woman present who was not anxious to retain her favor.

"Why, what have we said? It is eccentric in Miss Letitia to get married at her time of life, now, isn't it, Mrs. Jennie?"

"I do not know why it should be considered so; Letitia is a very pretty woman."

Mrs. Jennie, as Mrs. Alden was generally called, was a power, and with promptitude they proceeded to eat their words with marvelous celerity.

Mrs. Jennie smiled and bade them good morning. On the way to Miss Letitia's she made a gesture as if she had touched an ill smelling weed.

"What a power of harm such women can do at times! I do not pose as a reformer, but I really would like to see all the cackling shed for it in her set. Poor Letitia! I hope she has not chosen unwisely."

Her misgivings ceased as the coachman drew rein before the pretty, old fashioned garden of the Houghtons. Mrs. Jennie was met in the hall by the bride elect, whose fresh and fair complexion had defied the ravages of time. With her bright hazel eyes and wavy light brown hair she might have passed for thirty-five at most.

"Come into the house, Jennie; it's lovely out here among the flowers, but I have some things I wish to show you. The dress has come. I am too old to be married in white satin, so I selected a pink barenge trimmed with lace. I have never had so many pretty clothes made at one time in my life, for I never needed to. I don't think I'm envious, but when I saw all my friends' handsome outfits it occurred to me that it would be an inducement to marry. Do you not like it?"

She fingered the glistening folds lovingly, and Mrs. Alden looked and admired, then said:

"But where did you meet the man you expect to marry, Letitia? I would not give my life into the keeping of an utter stranger."

"You needn't be uneasy about me. He is a very pleasant man, and I'm positive we will get on very well together. As for love, we are not young people and have said nothing about that, but we will do well enough as friends. Did you notice that black and gold visiting silk, Jennie?"

Mrs. Jennie perceived that the bride to be preferred to talk about her clothes instead of the man she had promised to marry and made no other effort to drag him into the conversation. Miss Letitia brought every article for Mrs. Jennie's inspection and said as that lady rose to go:

"Do stay to lunch. I've so much to tell you yet. I want it understood that I meant what I said when I wrote on the cards I didn't want presents. Please make my friends understand that, will you? I know they will want to give me presents. You can't know how glad I am that I am liked, Jennie."

Miss Alden would not shake Miss Letitia's faith in the professions of friendship she believed sincere, but when their spiteful comments were recalled it angered her afresh with them.

"I am always at home to give Alyn his lunch. He does not enjoy it when I am absent. Letitia, I shall let it be known that you do not wish presents."

For that purpose Mrs. Jennie drove back by the church, where she found the society dispersing. She did not alight, but told them of Miss Letitia's wish. She of the sharp tongue gave a shrill little cackle and said:

"That means we must give them without fail. She's afraid we won't give anything and takes that means to make sure."

"Was that the reason you had 'No flowers' on the cards when your daughter graduated? Letitia's bouquet was weighted with a jeweled butterfly. So glad you enlightened me. I have wondered why that clause was inserted, but had no idea it meant exactly opposite what it said. Thanks to you I understand. It is never too late to learn—wisdom. Good morning. I must go home."

The extreme good nature of this speech made the clique sure at one another. They were never sure what Mrs. Alden meant. That her shafts hit the mark there was no doubt. Mrs. Ponsonby gazed after the carriage and said to her dear, familiar friend:

"Mrs. Alden does have the knack of taking one by surprise. She confuses a person so. Of course, I didn't mean—that is, I didn't intend to own"—

"That you took that way of assuring Sophy a number of bouquets and presents? I thought you didn't mean to say that, dear, did you?" suggested the friend sweetly.

Mrs. Ponsonby translated the remark as it was intended and treasured it for future use.

* * * * * * *

Miss Letitia's wedding night had arrived. She was looking extremely handsome and accepted the effusive compliments of her friends in apparent good faith. They declared she did not look a day over forty.

As yet the groom had not made his appearance, Miss Letitia had excused herself a moment or two, but as the minutes lengthened into an hour without her returning significant glances were exchanged, and the buzz of many voices was heard.

It is astonishing how much pleasure some people derive from the distress or mortification of their friends. Mrs. Ponsonby and her coterie were enjoying that something was wrong, voicing pity which their eyes and countenances belied.

Mrs. Alden was becoming worried over the prolonged absence of Miss Letitia from the room and wished she would return and silence the malicious tongues.

"She's prevailing on her swain not to become faint hearted," giggled Mrs. Ponsonby.

Thoroughly exasperated, Mrs. Jennie was about to give a crushing retort when Miss Letitia reappeared.

She was slightly pale, her demeanor a mixture of regret and dignity, while a blending of defiance was depicted in her erect attitude.

"I've had a telegram from Mr. Langworthy. Business of a family nature which I shall not be at liberty to divulge indiscriminately compels him to start for Europe as he sent the message off; consequently there will be no marriage tonight. That need not interfere with our enjoyment of the supper. The presents will be returned to their donors tomorrow. Mr. Alden, will you see me to the table? The minister will take you, Jennie."

Her astounding revelation called forth a chorus of ohs and ahs, and a dozen excited women began to ply her with questions, protesting against her returning the presents, but she waved them aside.

"The marriage is indefinitely postponed through no fault of either bride or bridegroom, so you need not image the hearts are broken. Under the circumstances I will not need the presents. Who ever heard of bridal gifts when there is not much likelihood of the marriage being performed? I promise you" with a fine grim smile that somehow made certain ladies feel uncomfortable, "if the marriage does take place that I will expect nothing from you. Now come to supper. That will not be a disappointment if the wedding is."

She gave her guests no time to discuss her affairs in groups, but marched

"I've had a telegram from Mr. Langworthy."

them into the dining room, some wearing from the undiminished pangs of curiosity an expression as if they were being led to instant execution.

Miss Letitia was the life of the party, and the theory that she had been jilted did not gain ground. Her explanation was accepted as true as far as it went. More than one face became blank when Miss Letitia said:

"Jennie, be sure to come around tomorrow and help me pack those presents. Some are so valuable I will not be satisfied until they are returned. Fortunately all are labeled."

"I will come with pleasure, Letitia," replied Mrs. Alden, while Mrs. Ponsonby whispered dolefully, "If she would ask me."

Early next morning Mrs. Jennie accordingly put in her appearance, finding her friend in exceedingly good spirits.

While tying up a gaudy plated cake stand, a gift from Mrs. Ponsonby, Mrs. Alden said:

"Letitia, why return the presents? Were you in earnest when you said there was not much likelihood of there being a marriage?"

Miss Letitia was bending over the bed, replacing a handsome silver ladle in its velvet box.

The constrained position may have been the cause of her heightened color. Her face as she turned toward Mrs. Alden wore conflicting expressions—triumph, shame and over all a half sad, half defiant, look. Her first words were apparently irrelevant.

"I've learned much, Jennie," she said as she folded a dozen fine thread cambric handkerchiefs and placed them with lingering regret in the costly box they came in. "How exquisite these are and like the donor! Oh, yes, I was saying how much I had learned since I had sent out those tickets. I've always had a too confiding disposition, and, while I'm not now a cynic, I've had eye openers, plenty of them.

"Going about to different stores, riding windy days, veiled, on the cars, has given me an insight into people's character that has been both painful and profitable. I needn't tell you whom I mean, for I see you know. I have no regret for them. I'm not a sentimental fool. The only regret is self contempt that I've been taken in by them so long, but I've never outgrown a girlish pleasure in being liked.

"You had your husband and children, and God knows I never begrudged wives and mothers their happiness, for my life has been a healthy, happy one, and so completely am I a spinster that I believe I was born one. I've never seen the man I have even imagined I could fancy, but there was one thing I did want."

Mrs. Alden had listened sympathetically. As Miss Letitia paused for breath she ventured to speak. "What was that, Letitia?"

"You may laugh, Jennie, if you wish, but that was no more or less than a trousseau."

"What? Do you mean that"—

"I mean, and I know it will go no further, that I couldn't have a trousseau without a marriage, and that was why I sent out cards. Don't you understand, Jennie? The marriage could not take place because there was no bridegroom at all. Now it's out."

For once Mrs. Alden was surprised beyond the power of expression, but when she did recover her merry laughter was delightful to hear and was joined in by Letitia.

"What a good joke!" gasped Mrs. Jennie. "Wouldn't it make the Richmond dames open their eyes? It shall go no further, though I would like Alyn to know, if you have no objection. What would Mrs. Ponsonby say?"

"Embellish it until we wouldn't know it. But there's one thing she won't enjoy any more—expectations of sharing my fortune. I shall leave my money as a fund for old maids' trousseaux."

Insult to Injury.

"Poor Bickers has a very hard hearted wife," said Trivvet.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Dicer.

"She not only broke the broomstick over his head, but made him go to the store and buy another."—Detroit Free Press.

Shaking Something out of Every Shoe.

in the store. And it isn't quality, nor is it style. It's part of the price. Not that prices are too high, but rather because the stock is too large.

Always fill up every shelf in the store for the holidays. Do this to give plenty of variety. Later we expect to lose a little.

This is the time when we share profits with customers.

Anderson & Carlson

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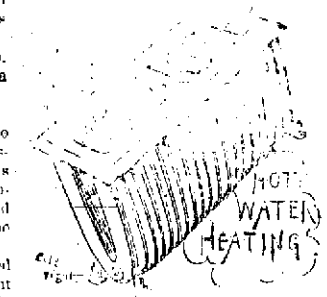

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is given special attention during this season and whether it is the installation of a new system or repairs on old the work is done by thoroughly competent workmen.

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KIDNEY CURE. *It Nourishes, Fortifies and Refreshes the Whole System.*

COUGH BALSAM. *Cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Etc.*

LINIMENT. *The Great Remedy for Pains, Bruises and Burns.*

PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

Redfield's Magazine

for February

Will be out on or about February the first.

Fine Illustrations. Entertaining Reading.

Sold by all Newsdealers.

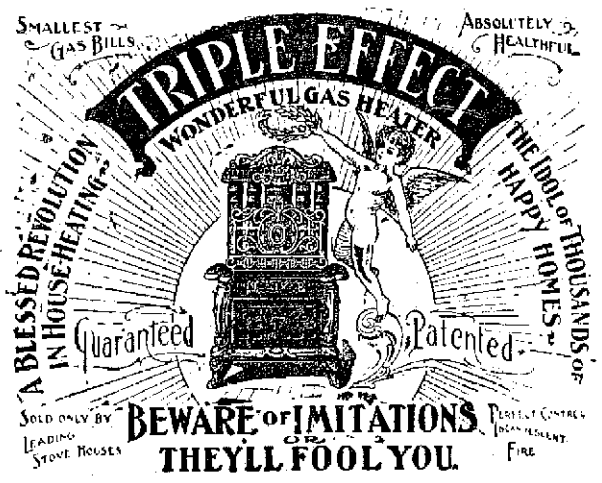
This Magazine is being introduced throughout the county and subscriptions taken by Geo. H. Hyde.

5c the copy.

50c the year.

Scott F. Redfeld, Publisher,

Smethport, Pa.



THE TRIPLE EFFECT.

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J. C. Hamlin.

in Smethport and Vicinity.

Remember, its system of manufacturing hot air is covered by U. S. patents owned by the makers, and I have their exclusive agency in this town. Any one claiming similar improvements in tubular heating is trying to recite 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. They are sold at the same prices the world over

McKean County Miner

Published every week at Smethport, Pa. at $1.00 per year in advance.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 30, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Saturday is ground hog day.

—Shepard & Gallup have a new ad this week.

—Two or three cases of scarlet fever are reported in town.—Austin Republican.

—Fry & Herzog have some attractive bargains advertised this week. Read their ad carefully.

—Miss Alice Berfield of Coudersport and Rev. Berlin of Bolivar were married at the former place yesterday.

—Students who have attended the Clarion State Normal School speak of that institution in most favorable terms.

—The Cuba Democratic Times is now under the management of Hollirook & Pendell. May their venture be a success.

—Mrs R. C. Pickett of Warren sang the soprano solo, "Beyond the Cloud Drift," at the Methodist church last Sunday evening.

—Max Schooler, the clothier and dry goods man, is advertising a clearance sale this week. Now is the time to get bargains on winter clothing.

—A. E. Stickles, the Old Man Racket of East Smethport, has a new and interesting ad this week. He tells of an unusual number of rare bargains in this number.

—Mr. Beebe has a good virile tone and his playing is musical and musicianly.—Milwaukee Sentinel. At court house next Monday evening with the Brockway Concert Co.

—Professional men who don't think it worth while to carry a card in the newspapers pursue a losing policy. In the first place the price is next to nothing and in the second the card is like a sign, always in evidence.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Mrs. Dr. Burdick, whose illness and operation at the Kane hospital we mentioned some time ago, has so far recovered that she was brought to her home here last Saturday and is now convalescing very rapidly.—Mt. Jewett News.

—The music of the evening deserves special mention. Miss Bentley's selections were from Schumann. This young lady's reputation as an able and accomplished musician is rapidly becoming known in advanced musical circles.—Boston Journal. With the Brockway Concert company at court house, Monday evening, Feb. 3rd.

—F. C. Lindholm & Co. have a new ad in about the same amount of space this week. This firm has steadily increased their business since they commenced some years ago and indications are that their trade this year will be larger than ever before.

—An exchange says cars are coming to have a commercial value for their fur. Buyers are scouring western New York in quest of the feline and paying for them according to color and size. The pelts are being used by fur manufacturers who have experienced some difficulty in supplying the trade since the old-time fur bearing animals have become scarce.

—Three cars loaded with pulp got away on the heavy grade on the Windfall Run, four miles out from Cross Fork, Tuesday morning about ten o'clock and crashing into a log train two miles away instantly crushed out the life of the four men comprising the crew. The members of the crew were: Peter Zepp of Germania; Oscar Sunburg, Cross Fork; William Bennett, Cross Fork; A. J. Herstreet, Pelsonia.—Potter Democrat.

—A newspaper whose columns overflow with advertisements of business men, has more influence in attracting attention to building up a town than any other agency that can be employed. People go where there is business. Capital and labor go where there is an enterprising community. No power on earth is so strong to build up a town so well as a paper well patronized, and its power should be appreciated. The man who overlooks his town paper injures himself by injuring his town and townsmen.—Ex.

A Prominent Chicago Woman Speaks.

Prof. Roxa Tyler of Chicago, Vice President Illinois Woman's Alliance, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I suffered with a severe cold this winter which threatened to run into pneumonia. I tried different remedies, but I seemed to grow worse and the medicine upset my stomach. A friend advised me to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and I found it was pleasant to take and it relieved me at once. I am now entirely recovered, saved a doctor's bill, time and suffering, and I will never be without this splendid medicine again." For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

The Mother's Favorite.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the mother's favorite. It is pleasant and safe for children to take and always cures. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is the best medicine made for these diseases. There is not the least danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

A Thing to Remember.

A donkey who had been carefully raised by his master gained so much knowledge that he could not help considering himself a superior being.

"I am too modest to throw high priced bouquets at myself," he soliloquized, "but the fact remains that I have distanced them all. I can lie down at command and roll over. With the assistance of sundry winks and nods from Ali Hassan, my master, I can pick the different pasteboards from a card pack. There is no other donkey in the world that can shake hands like me. People crowd over one another to see me walk on my hind legs. As for dancing, queens of the ballroom say that I waltz like an angel."

"True, true," said a wise old owl, who was listening to the donkey. "You are a paragon and are not to be blamed for realizing the fact. But you must not forget one thing."

"What is that?" asked the educated donkey.

"That you are only an ass," quietly remarked the owl.

Moral.—When a person thinks he is better than others, he should carefully avoid the looking glass.

An Odd Betrothal.

It is said that a certain servant in a moment of weariness with domestic duties said, "Rather than go on like this month after month forever I'll ask the first man who passes if he wants a wife."

Her fellow servant challenged her to put the question to a man just then passing by. The young woman was not prepared to be taken at her word so suddenly, but, in desperation, bethought herself for a way of escape. She was Welsh and hurriedly exclaimed as the unknown was passing, "A oes eisiau gwraig arnoch chwi?" ("Do you want a wife?")

"Oes" ("Yes") was the unexpected reply from the young man, who also hailed from the principality, and, with Celtic sprightliness, followed into the hall the blushing girl, who had fled upon hearing the familiar word. The maid, a farmer's daughter, was buxom and neat, the swain was an industrious and ambitious young dealer with promising prospects, and soon "merrily rang the wedding bells."

Industrious Old Clock.

At quaint old Castletown, the "Metropolis" of the Isle of Man, there exists a very industrious clock, which has now performed its functions of telling us time for five centuries. It was presented by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1597 to Castle Rushen, the fortress which stands in the middle of Castletown from which the town takes its name. The works are crude, being driven by ropes and pulleys, but nevertheless they keep fair time. The clock, in fact, has run ever since it was built, except for rare stoppages for repairs. To this day the single hand which travels slowly round the dial outside the tower of Castle Rushen is the principal source of information as to the hour to the inhabitants of Castletown. A Chippewa which has worked continuously for more than 200 years is something of a record. Jewelers Circular.

The Water in Utah's Great Lake.

[illegible] Salt Lake [illegible] 20 and 22 [illegible] Utah [illegible] the great Salt Lake [illegible] more and more salt [illegible] more of these [illegible] of it's in Utah. [illegible] frequently they are shallow and entirely disappear during the dryness and heat of summer, leaving [illegible] their sites only a stretch of some forty or [illegible] miles—of clay or mud, entirely covered with salt.

A Singing Well.

A single well is one of the natural curiosities of Texas. In fine weather a sound like that of an æolian harp is given out by the well. At times the sound is clear; then it recedes, as if far away, and then it reaches the ear very faintly. These changes take place every few minutes and with great regularity. With an east wind blowing the water in the well gets very low, and the musical sound is faint. A strong west wind causes the water to rise and the sound to increase in volume and clearness.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent purgatives or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clean and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address 433

STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

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Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

CENTRAL BLOCK. **"THE FAMOUS,"** SMETHPORT, PA.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Couldn't have done this earlier, because there were no broken lots. There are a few now—not many of a kind—but a good many kinds we want to close. What if the lots are small? Aren't they as good as any if THE SIZE, STYLE AND COLOR ARE THERE?

MEN OF SMETHPORT

if you want a good Suit or Overcoat for yourself or boy at a saving unapproached these offerings are entitled to your prompt consideration. Suits and O'coats that simply outclass any ever offered at like figures.

$6.50 TO $7.50 SUITS OR O'COAT	$5.75	$11.00 TO $12.50 SUITS OR O'COATS	$10.00
$8.50 TO $10.00 SUITS OR O'COATS	$7.75	$13.50 TO $16.50 SUITS OR O'COATS	$12.50

During this Great Reduction Sale we do exactly as we did in the past. Give you YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

WILLIAM MONHEIMER.

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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

M. B. FLEMING, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
ROBERT GRAVES, PROP'R.
RATES, $1.00 PER DAY. OLEAN, N. Y.

Opposite W. N. Y. & P. Depot.

Thoroughly remodeled and refurnished throughout. Bar supplied with the Best Wines and Liquors. Pleasant Ladies' Parlor.

HOTEL HAZEL,
POTTER & CLARK, PROPRS
MAIN ST. HAZELHURST, PA

All modern improvements. Elegantly appointed bar. Rates, $2.00 per day $6.00 per week

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor
Larabee, Penna.

First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
W. V. PROVIN, Prop'r.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

BARBER SHOP,
Alfred Sturdevent.
Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
—In the latest style of Art.—

None but first-class workmen employed. Alfred Sturdevent, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

M. J. Norris,

TONSORIAL ARTIST, has opened a barber shop in Gaskin & Grant's news depot, where he is ready to serve all patrons. Shaving and hair cutting executed in a strictly first-class manner. A trial is all I ask, as I am confident I can suit you.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

For Sale.

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport, - Penn.

March 1, 1900.

STOP!
READ AND REFLECT.

"A bird in the hand is worth 2 in the bush," & Hard Cash makes these prices possible. No Trickery & Rascality about our bizness. All our goods R warranted 2 giv U entire satisfaction or your cash cheerfully refunded. Compare my cash out prices & C how U have been bled by tick concerns. We do not run a 5c delivery rig, but will C that a reasonable purchase is delivered to your door free of charge

Best Granulated Sugar 5c lb.

Best Baking Powder 10c can (warranted.)

Arbuckle's Coffee 11c lb.

Best 160-test lamp oil 9c gal. in 5 gal. cans. This is the highest grade of oil to be had—costs 1c gal. more than common oil.) U pay from 12 to 15c for common poor oil, don't U?

1,000 Yankee Parlor Matches for 5c—12,000 for 55c.

Deland Soda 4c pkg. Why pay 8c?

25c Java Coffee for 16c lb.

Prunes 5c lb. Evap. Apples 10c lb. Apricots 16c.

1-bbl. pail White Fish $3.00. Large Steel Fry Pan 2 cook 'em fr 25c & 50c.

Teas 25c, 50c & 60c per lb.

Pillsbury's Best Flour $1.25 per sack. Acme Best $1.25. Thornton & Chester Best $1.50.

Turnip & Cabbage 2c lb.

Buckwheat Flour 40 & 75c sack.

Canned Corn 10 & 12c. Canned Peas 13 & 15c. Peaches 14 & 20c. Pears 10 & 14c can. Solid Meat Tomatoes, large can, 14c. 1 gal. Canned Apples 24c. Baked Beans with, tomato sauce, 10c can. Yeast Foam 4c per pkg. Queen Olives, large size, 25c bottle. Canned Salmon 10, 15, 17 & 20c can.

—Don't these prices show you how much you lose by doing the tick biz?

We offer you 32-qt. tin pails called wash pails for 40c. Copper Boilers, No. 9, $2.50. No. 9 copper nickeled Teakettle $1.20. T & Coffee Pots, nickld, 75 & 80c. Copper Cream Pitcher, nickel-plated & silver-lined beauties, 11 of 'em at 75c each. Never break; never wear out.

Fancy Decorated Chinaware at plain white prices. Imported White English Dishes at American make prices.

Oak Xtension tables $5 & $7.

Couches $11.25 to $17. Hand made & warranted.

Bed Springs $1.40 to $4.15.

Kitchen wood chairs $3.50 set 6. Hi Back Dining $7.50.

Sewing Rocker 50c. Old arm chair $1.65.

Clothes Pins 10 doz.

Xlcior Mattress $2.50.

Best oil grain tapped Men's Work Shoes, the $1.50 kind, A No. 1 in every respect, $1.30. Sizes 6 to 12.

Men's Work Leather Boots $1.98 & $2.65.

Special Bargains in Window Shades. They are seconds and we offer them 2 U at 10c, 20c, & 25c; complete spring roller.

Men's 4 socks & Cinch nails.

Clothes racks or dryers 25c.

Ironing Boards, not $1.50, cut price 98c.

14-qt. Enameled Dish Pan 75c.

Long handle 4 tine manure forks; also ax & hammer handles.

You people that is paying more than $1.25 for the best grades of flour are getting soaked. So R you when U pay 12 & 15c gal. for the cheap grade of oil. So R U on Arbuckle's coffee every time you pay 15c pkg.

Do not forget that we sell work & dress pants. Good work pants 50c. Overalls 30c to 60c.

Cold Handled Steel Fry Pan, highly polished, in two large sizes, 25 & 30c.

A few more 75c coffee mills at 35c.

From Feb. 1st to the 10th we will sell any of our 10c glassware for 5c. & the 5c pieces at 3c. This is less than cost. Now is your chance. Don't wait till they R all gone & then growl.

Cut Price Bargain Hous.

A. E. Stickles. January 30, 1902. East Smethport.

J. COLEGROVE,

Local Agent for

Chase & Sanborn Celebrated Boston Seal Brand of Coffee.

In 1 and 2 lb. cans. The perfection in coffee. All best trade call for it.

We handle Chase & Sanborn Coffees in all grades. Each grade is in a class by itself. Try their Java & Mocha; its only superior is the Seal Brand. Every pound runs just the same. Try sample pound and you will use no other brand. We have been agent here for this coffee eight years and have yet to hear any complaint.

J. COLEGROVE.

Next to Bank. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS: $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan 30, 1902.

Announcements.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-nomination and re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. M. BOWDISH.

Derrick City, Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce That I am a candidate for the office of Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Keating, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902.

EDITOR MINER: You will please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JNO. R. SHOEMAKER

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 16, 1902.

PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

S. E. BELL.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

REGISTER, ETC.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN R. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 15, 1902.

RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER: I hereby announce myself a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

H. M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 11, 1902.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. B. WALKER.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 18, 1902.

SHERIFF.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

CHAS. E. MAYS.

Mortimers, Pa., Jan. 25, 1902.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in Congress in the Twenty-third District, subject to the rules of the Republican party and to the decision of the district conference.

J. L. RICHMOND.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1902.

ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Member of the Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

[illegible]

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

EDITOR MINER: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of District Attorney of McKean county, subject to the action of the Republican primaries.

H. S. ROGERS.

Mt. Jewett, Pa., Jan. 27, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for District Attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN P. MELVIN.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 29, 1902.

SOME Democratic papers profess to see in the visit of Prince Henry a reminiscence of imperialism.

DEMOCRATS are claiming fine harmony in the party ranks. If is fine—almost too fine to be visible to the naked eye.

THE unanimous condemnation of England and other countries of the ship-subsidy bill ought to be a sufficient argument for its enactment.

THE friendliness of the Filipinos toward the United States is increasing and will continue to do so unless the misguided sentimentalist interferes by trying to convince them that they have grievances.

REPRESENTATIVE MUDD of Maryland has introduced a bill in the House providing that the minimum pay of women in the government departments, except charwomen and those employed on piece work, shall be $2 per day of eight working hours.

SECRETARY ROOT has unstinted praise for the marines in the United States service and expresses his gratification for the excellent work that they have done in the Philippines and in China. It begins to look as if the "soldier and sailor too" is to have proper recognition.

IT is a fact to be proud of that the great memorials planned in the civic improvement of Washington—to Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, commemorate Republicans, with the exception of that to Washington who had no political party, being the choice of the whole country.

WE have the pleasure this week of announcing the name of H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett for the office of District Attorney, subject to the decision of the action of the Republican primaries. Mr. Rogers is one of McKean county's rising young attorneys. He was born in this borough and when a young man learned the printing trade in this office under his father, Col. L. Rogers. When he became of age he entered into partnership with his father, edited the local columns of this paper and studied law in the meantime. In 1893 Olson & Gilbert bought the MINER office and Mr. Rogers opened a law office in Mt. Jewett and has been successful in his practice. He is thoroughly competent to fill the office to which he aspires and as Mt Jewett has never had a county officer, though it is one of the most solid Republican towns in the county, it seems that no better selection could be made than to place Mr. Rogers on the ticket.

THE bill introduced in Congress to make Inauguration Day come in the latter part of April has met with no adverse criticism from any part of the country. The objection formerly held that it would lengthen the term of office of our president over four years cannot apply in the case of President Roosevelt.

IN the proper place in this issue of the MINER will be found the announcement of John P. Melvin as a candidate for renomination and re-election to the office of District Attorney of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican county primaries. For the past two years Mr. Melvin has discharged the duties of the office in a most creditable manner and has earned the right to seek to succeed himself. Aside from his legal abilities he is personally popular with all parties, which combination makes his election a certainty should he receive the nomination.

J. M. MCELROY announces in this issue of the MINER that he is a candidate for the office of Member of Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. McElroy needs no introduction to nine-tenths of the voters of this county. In 1881 he was elected prothonotary of this county, which he held for nine years. He was always pleasant and obliging to all with whom he had dealings and everyone who knows him counts him as a personal friend. He is well fitted to represent this county in the legislature at Harrisburg and if elected will serve his constituents faithfully. There is no man in the county who will go farther out of his way to do another a favor than J. M. McElroy and his many friends will favorably remember him at the primaries this spring.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL announces his candidacy for the office of Member of Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. In speaking of his candidacy the Era truthfully says: Mr. Campbell has resided in McKean county nearly all his life and a more favorably known or more highly esteemed citizen cannot be found in the county's limits than he. At the beginning of the year he completed his term as county treasurer, leaving a record for official probity, attention to duties, fair dealing and courtesy, that redounds greatly to his credit. Mr Campbell is a practical business man, a public spirited citizen and a man who is well up on the affairs of every section of the county and if elected will serve the people of the county faithfully and well.

Biliousness is a condition characterized by a disturbance of the digestive organs. The stomach is debilitated, the liver torpid, the bowels constipated. There is loathing of food, pains in the bowels, dizziness, coated tongue and vomiting, first of the undigested or partly digested food and then of bile. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets allay the disturbances of the stomach and create a healthy appetite. They also tone up the liver to a healthy action and regulate the bowels. Try them and you are certain to be much pleased with the result. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

There is economy in buying good robes and blankets. They last longer, look better and are warmer than the "just as good" kind. I always handle the best.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

WANTED—Hustling agent (lady) for fine perfumes and extracts. Trade established. Address Virot & Co., Warren, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATOR, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register the same will be presented for confirmation at an Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D., 1902:

First and final account of Margaret Ida Bayer and Joon Lawrence Bayer, executors of the last will and testament of Lawrence Bayer, deceased.

Second and final account of William Hogan, administrator of the estate of Elias Urquhart, deceased.

First and final account of Mary Bennett, administratrix of the estate of T. S. Bennett, deceased.

First and final account of E. C. Anderson, administrator of the estate of August Peterson, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, administrator of the estate of E. M. Kerns, deceased.

First and final account of Henry Hermes, administrator of the estate of Robert Raps, deceased.

First and final account of A. M. Sherry, administrator of the estate of Margaret Sherry, deceased.

The final account of D. H. Rook, guardian of Evelyn Grant, minor child of Charles L. Grant, deceased, by E. E. Allen, administrator of the estate of the said D. H. Rook, deceased.

GEORGE W MITCHELL, Register,
H. M. CHOATE, Deputy.
Smethport, Pa., Jan 27th, 1902.

Legal Notice.

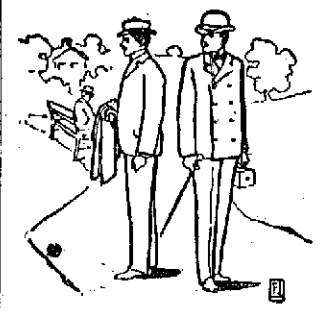
In re Estate of William Ration, deceased. } In the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Pennsylvania.

In the matter of the petition of Timothy M. Ration, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, for discharge as such administrator.

ORDER OF COURT.

And now, Jan'y 20, 1902, rule to show cause granted, returnable at Argument Court, March 11, 1902, notice of this rule to be published 3 weeks in MCKEAN COUNTY MINER.

Per Curiam.
T. A. M., P. J.



UP-TO-DATE

attire, like that of the gentleman in the cut, makes a man look solid with himself and the world. Such a man is on the right train and is moving ahead at a winning speed. Clothing which solid men like to wear will be found in our array of

FALL SUITS.

A man passes for what he looks, just as a dollar passes for a hundred cents. To give yourself a hundred cent up-to-par appearance just put yourself inside one of our FALL SUITS.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE ONE PRICE

MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

"Tis not the clothes that make the man."

No, but a great deal depends on

The Man that Makes the Clothes.

IF HE DOES HIS WORK WELL, THE PATRON IS REGARDED MORE FAVORABLY BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC THAN AS IF THE CLOTHES HAVE A SLOVENLY APPEARANCE. WE MAKE SUITS THAT ARE GUARANTEED TO SUIT.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors,

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of

FINE STATIONERY,

Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

1902

WILL BRING LARGER OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROGRESS AND COMFORT.

So Will

J. M. SLOAN,

the Furniture Man. Many know this; all may.

6 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

PALACE PHARMACY,
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.,
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, PA.

CONDITION POWDERS

My own Make. 15c per pound.
Made from the purest drugs and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Clearance Sale for 15 Days.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Rubber Goods and Gent's Furnishing Goods. This entire stock has to be sold at cost to make room for new spring goods. Commences Feb. 3; ends Feb. the 20th.

25 Overcoats, all wool, different colors, go at $4.98, were $8.50.

50 Overcoats, very fine, tailor-made, Kersey, go at $5.50 to $8.98, were $12.50 and $15.00.

40 Men's Suits, heavy cashmere, wool, go from $4.00 to $5.50, were $7.00 and $8.50.

25 Men's Black Clay Worsted Suits, all wool, go at $8.98, were $12.50.

30 Men's Suits, Imported French Clay, go at $10.00, were $15.50.

75 Boys' Suits, in heavy winter goods, go from $1.50 up.

50 pairs Ladies' Shoes, Dongola, go at $1.30, were $1.75.

60 pairs Ladies' Shoes, heavy soles, go at $1.50, were $2.25.

75 pairs Ladies' Shoes, very fine, French vici kid, latest out, go from $1.75 to $2.00, were $3.00.

75 pairs Men's Shoes, the latest styles, go from $1.25 up.

90 pairs Boys' Shoes, sizes from 2½ to 5½, go from $1.00 up.

90 pairs Boys' Shoes, sizes from 12½ to 2½, go from 85c up.

Children's & Misses' Shoes, all sizes, go from 50c up.

2 dozen Felt Boots & Rubbers, the best, $1.85 per pair.

2 dozen Men's High Arctics, the best, $1.10.

Children's & Misses' Rubbers, the best, go from 25c up.

30 pairs Men's Pants, striped, very fine, worth from $5.50 to $4.50, go at $3.50 and $2.50.

75 pairs Men's Pants, very heavy, well made, go from 85c to $1.25, were $2.25 and $2.00.

5 dozen Ladies' Underwear, heavy fleece lined, go from 23c up.

10 dozen Men's Underwear, heavy fleece lined, go from 40c up per piece.

20 dozen Children's Underwear, heavy fleece lined, go from 15c up per piece.

10 dozen Ladies' Wrappers, fleece lined, well made, go at 90c.

5 dozen Ladies' Shirt Waists, all kinds, the latest out, go from 50c to $1.50.

3 dozen Outside Skirts, well made, in black, blue and red, go at $1.75, were $2.50.

5 dozen Underskirts, the best, mercerized silks, all colors, go from 90c up to $3.00.

5 pieces Suiting, red, blue, black, 55 inches wide, go at 70c per yard, were $1.00.

5 pieces Suiting, different colors, go at 38c per yard, were 55c.

5 pieces Camshere, different colors, go at 25c per yard, were 50c.

6 pieces Novelty Goods, all colors, go at 25c per yard, were 40c.

6 pieces Novelty Goods, all colors, go at 12½c per yard, were 20c.

20 pieces Outing Flannel, all colors, the best, go from 5c up.

30 pieces Calico, the best, different colors, 5½c yd. All fast colors.

15 pieces Lancaster Gingham, all colors, the best, go at 5½c yard.

8 pieces Toweling, all kinds, go from 4½c up.

6 pieces Table Linen, different colors, fast colors, go at 22c up.

6 dozen Ladies' ½ Wool Hose, go at 25c, were 35c per pair.

10 dozen Misses' ½ Wool Hose, at 15c, were 25c per pair.

8 dozen Ladies' Fleece Lined Hose, go from 12c up.

We have a large assortment of Laces, Embroidery, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Neckwear and all kinds of Notions which go at your own price.

We also have Trunks, Telescopes, Umbrellas, Hats and Caps at very low prices.

We invite you all to come during this sale. You can save from 45 to 50 cents on a dollar.

Don't miss this Great 15-Day Sale.

MAX SCHOOLAR,

Opposite Court House. SMETHPORT, PA.

D. C. Young

announces a reduction in price of

Winter Goods

to make room for spring stock which will soon be received.

A few Waldorf flannel waists and winter shawls still left will be closed out at cost, also women's flannelette suits. Wrappers from $0.75 to $1.50. Call and look over the stock before buying elsewhere

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 30, 1901.

Brasted's Holday Sweets

Home Made Candy.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.,
Main Street.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.,
Smethport, Pa.

FEBRUARY MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE.

This is by far the largest line of White we have ever shown. Carefully made garments in the latest and prettiest styles, and at prices that are right will move them quick.

$1.50 Petticoats of cambric; deep Vandyke flounce finished with three rows of Lace insertion; dust ruffle.

$1.00 Petticoats of good quality muslin with deep flounce finished with 5-inch cambric embroidery; dust ruffle. Value $1.50.

$1.25 Night Gowns of fine cambric; square yoke of lace insertion and ribbon; neck and sleeves trimmed with lace.

$1.50 Night Gown of fine cambric; high, round neck of embroidery; sleeves trimmed with embroidery.

$1.00 Corset Covers of Nainsook; full front of lace insertion; neck and arm holes trimmed with lace ruffle.

Laces

Our spring laces are beginning to arrive.

Nottingham Allovers,	40c to 90c
Nottingham Galloons,	10c to 50c
Deggins Irish Crochet,	$2.00
Black Spangled Allovers,	$1.75 to $3.25

Embroideries

Nainsook and Cambric Edgings, Insertions and Beadings, 4c to 50c per yard.

The newest St. Gall productions.

White Goods

We have the choicest selection of dainty patterns to be found anywhere. White will play an important part in the coming season's costumes. Make your purchases now when everything is fresh and bright.

French Lawns,	50c to 75c
Persian Lawns,	25c to 50c
Real Swiss,	25c to 40c
India Lawns,	8c to 35c

A saving of one-third.

A few Left overs from our January Sale: Heavy Underwear, Boy's Suits and Overcoats, Ladies, and Children's Furs at greatly reduced prices.

A Special Price on KING'S BEST Flour $4.75 per barrel while this carload lasts.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Redfield's Monday Helpers.

FOUR THINGS that are necessary to make that day's work a little lighter—to prevent in a measure that "Blue Feeling" which is encouraged by poor washing materials.

A GOOD WRINGER is a cheap Wringer. It is not only more durable, but ours with pure soft rubber rolls wrings dry and saves the buttons. We warrant them for a period of three or five years, depending upon the rubber. You know that it is call in the rubber."

NO LEAKS in our best Charcoal Tin Boilers. They are made to wear and do wear. As in everything else, we aim to give our customers the best boilers that we can buy, at reasonable prices. We also carry a large line of COPPER BOILERS. These though they cost more than the tin are the best boilers to buy. They will more than make up the difference in the price in the length of time they will outlast the tin. Possibly you have a good copper boiler that requires a new bottom; bring it in; we can make it as good as new.

NO HOOPS to drop off when you have galvanized steel tub. You can leave it out in the sun and wash it and it will not go to pieces. With our wringer attachment any wringer can be used on it. We have also the old-fashioned wooden ones if you prefer that kind.

IMPROVED WASHBOARDS are being added to our stock from time to time. At present we have one made of galvanized steel, with bevel on either side; nothing about it to rust or corrode. Cheaper ones if you want that kind.

Redfield's Hardware,

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 30, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read J. Colegrove's new ad this week.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a new ad this week. They tell you a lot of things about hardware.

—If the dog catcher is unable to catch unmuzzled dogs he should have the power to shoot them.

—Attend the Brockway Concert company's entertainment at the court house next Monday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained a few friends Tuesday evening. An excellent rarebit was served.

—Capt. A. D. Burns of Company C, Bradford, was elected major of the 16th Regt. N. G. P., at Oil City last Friday night.

—The Oswayo Valley Mail says the small-pox scare at Shingle House is over. There is not a house in quarantine in that place now.

—The moving picture entertainment given at the hose house Monday and Tuesday evenings was well attended and gave good satisfaction.

—About forty people from here took in the excursion to Mt. Jewett Monday evening to see Guy Brothers' minstrels. All were well pleased with the trip.

—The beautiful residence of D. C. Conkling, Olean, was damaged by fire last Thursday evening to the extent of over $6,000, which was nearly covered by insurance.

—The house of R. K. Godding on the West Side was placed in quarantine on Tuesday, diphtheria having appeared in his family. The sick one is his little daughter.—Kane Leader.

—Robt. Fitzsimmons, the ex world's champion boxer, fell and injured his spine in New York last week. It is reported that his injuries will prevent his ever entering the ring again.

—Mr. Carberry sang a number of songs in a surprisingly fine way, displaying a rich, manly tenor voice, proving himself a singer who is rarely gifted.—Chicago Tribune. At the court house next Monday evening with the Brockway Concert company.

—A diamond mine has been found in Montana. It is claimed they are just as good as any found in the world. Developments are anxiously awaited.

—Fred Andrews has his new laundry building well under way and in two weeks he expects to be doing laundry work in better shape than he was before the fire.

—On account of Prof. Randall having a severe cold he was compelled to postpone singing "The Holy City" at the Baptist church services until some Sunday evening in the near future.

—"What About Cards, Dancing, etc?" is Rev. Gaylord Patterson's subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. Reception of members and communion service in the morning.

—St. Marys is going to have an opera house which will cost $20,000. It will be named the Temple Theatre. Smethport built a similar structure last summer (on paper) and it has been named The Myth.

—The Rev. P. S. Calvin has accepted the call of the Baptist church of this place and will enter upon the work at once. He will remove his family to our town as soon as he can find a house or enough room for light housekeeping until a desirable house is vacant.

—An explosion occurred in New York Monday which did over a million dollars' damage besides killing six persons and injuring over one hundred. It was the reserve supply of high explosives in the Park avenue shaft of the Rapid Transit tunnel, now in course of construction.

—By far the event of the evening was the appearance of Mme. Linde. The greeting she received was a perfect ovation; she was crowned queen of the evening with piles of flowers, the token of delighted hearers.—Pittsburg Dispatch. At the court house Monday evening, Feb. 3.

—Rehearsals for the cantata, "The Merry Milkmaids," are progressing nicely and the date for the entertainment has been fixed for Feb. 10th and 11th. All the prominent singers of our town being in the cast insures us the best entertainment ever given by home talent. Tickets will be on sale this week, general admission 25 cents, reserved seats 10 cents extra. The cantata is being given under the auspices of the music committee of the Baptist church.

—We are in receipt of "A Brief Review of Valley Forge and Its Environments," a beautiful little booklet by Mrs. Anna M. Holstion and H. J. Stager and illustrated by W. H. Richardson.

—Mrs. F. W. Brownell gave a party to a large number of friends at her home on King street Tuesday evening. Refreshments were served and a most delightful time was had by all who attended.

A fine black bear, shot by M. K. Swetland near Butler, about eight miles out from Germania, was among the arrivals at the county jail this week. It was sent to Sheriff Wolfling and the prisoners have been enjoying bear's meat ever since, the only ones in the State to have this addition to their menu. The Sheriff says it was a daisy and he proposes to shoot the next one himself.—Potter Democrat.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

C. Van Dorn 2901 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Coe's Hemlock Pine Balsam Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 25 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voegtlen.

To expert nose pickers all parents appear to be of equal protective value. They all have the seal of the government and a bible rubber; but some failed to know the importance of claims and it is to their skill and perseverance in securing protecting claims that C. A. Snow & Co. of Washington owe in part their reputation and success.

For Sale.

A cutter in first class condition, as good as new. Call on

G. E. RUMSEY,
Smethport, Pa.

Heavy sleds for wood or log hauling, three styles, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

The only good Goods on the Market

SHASTA

PURE RYE.

Sold by all first-class hotels. Call for it.

Alexander Malt & Distilling Co
Cincinnati, O. Bradford, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION

Orlo J. Hamlin returned home from Buffalo Monday.

Harry R. Henderson visited friends in Bradford Sunday.

Miss Helen Haines of New Castle is visiting friends in town.

A. W. Pancoast has accepted a position in the Olean glass bottle works.

Foster Studholme of Port Allegany attended the Frog banquet here Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald left for Olean yesterday where they will reside.

F. E. Brockham of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. U. Weisz left Monday for a two weeks' visit with relatives in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrison and son, Jack, spent Sunday the guests of Bradford friends.

Mrs. Foster Studholme and Miss Pomeroy of Port Allegany are visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Owen left yesterday for Olean where Mr. Owen has accepted a position.

Mrs. L. H. Colegrove is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. I. Lewis, at Coudersport for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haines of Port Allegany returned home Monday after a brief visit in town.

Atty. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett, and candidate for district attorney, was an agreeable caller Monday.

Warley Gifford, S. J. Gifford and James McKean departed this morning for Cambridge Springs on a health mission.

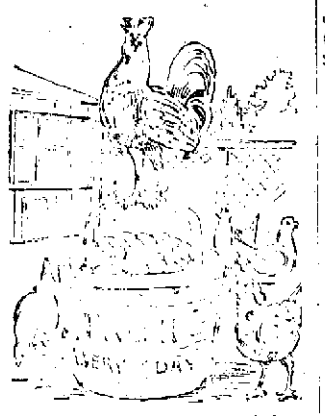
F. B. Digel of Coleville was a pleasant caller Monday. Mr. Digel says he intends to re-open a store in that place before long.

Mrs. R. C. Puckett and Miss Agnes Rowland, who have been visiting in Smethport for the past two weeks, returned to their homes in Warren to day.

Mrs. J. F. O'Reilly and son, Robert, of Pittsburg are visiting friends in town, called here by the serious illness of Mrs. Bernard McNally at the home of T. H. Purtle.

Dog muzzles, all sizes at Holmes & Gilfillan's

FRESH EGGS.



Fresh Eggs or anything else in groceries always in stock at Shepard & Gallup's.

A pure line of staple and fancy groceries and all household supplies constantly on hand.

Try Clover Hill brand butter; we sell and guarantee it.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

SECURITY

Place your money with a strong bank—one that enjoys the confidence of the public, where your money will be absolutely safe, earning the maximum of interest while on deposit. That means a savings account here. You may begin with a dollar and bank by mail.

Established 1862.
$9,000,000 Deposits.
25,500 Depositors.
4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when you write, and we'll mail a valuable booklet on Money Making.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS,
Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MEATS & GROCERIES

Having purchased the store of John Green on Mechanic St., I am prepared to cater to the public patronage. Will carry a full line of Meats and Groceries. Also Home Made Mince Meat.

ALLAN OVIATT.

FRY & HERZOG

Arrow Brand Collars. Monarch Shirts.

GREAT SHIRT SALE.

In order to clear our shelves for spring goods soon to arrive we offer the balance of our superb stock of

MONARCH STIFF BOSOM SHIRTS

at such substantial reductions that this must occur to you as a time for the immediate supplying of your present and future shirt needs.

No need to do a lot of arguing for Monarch Shirts—everybody knows they represent the BEST in ready to wear shirts. Best in fit, best in style, best in laundry, proof colors, the equal of any custom-made shirt you ever had on your back.

They're new goods, made to our order for the present season's selling, and there are no better styles to be had anywhere at any price.

Neckbands 14 to 17. Sleeves 30 to 33.

The Dollar Grade during this sale - - - - - 75c.
The Dollar-fifty Grade during this sale - - - $1.15.

'Twould be economy to lay in a half dozen.

Displayed on the center tables.

FRY & HERZOG.

IMPORTED STRANSKY-STEEL WARE.

QUADRUPLE COATED.

A little higher in price, but outlasts a dozen pieces of so-called cheap enameled ware.

BEWARE!

Other ware looks like it, but the genuine has the name Stransky-Steel Ware on each piece. Do not be deceived. First prize at sixteen International Exhibitions. Highest award at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. Preferred by the best cooking authorities, certified to by the most famous chemists for purity and durability, it is cheapest, because

BEST.

Remember, this celebrated enameled ware is especially imported for us. It does not rust nor absorb grease; does not color nor catch inside; is not affected by acid in fruits or vegetables; will boil, stew, roast and bake without imparting flavor of previous cooked food, and will last for years. On account of the great durability of imported Stransky-Steel ware, it is really cheaper than the cheapest.

We caution the public against imitations.

IS YOUR HEALTH

worth considering? Have you ever noticed a peculiar taste to your food? The enamel on cheap utensils gradually crumbles off, is mixed with the food and actually eaten. Cheap enameled ware is used up in a few months. Imported Stransky-Steel Ware lasts for years.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

KNOX & KNOX
New Shoe Store.

Everything in the Shoe and Rubber Line for Man, Woman or Child.

A FEW SPECIALS:

Ladies' Shoes.		Men's Shoes.	
Ladies' Calf and Vici Kid Shoes, heavy or light soles, for every-day or dress. All styles	$2.00 to $3.00	Men's Box Calf or Enamel Shoes, all styles, heavy or light soles.	$2.50 to $3.50
Ladies' Fancy Slippers all styles	$1 to $2	Men's Warranted Patent Leather Shoes	$3.50
Misses' Box Calf or Kid Shoes, all styles	$1 to $2	Men's Heavy Shoes, all styles	$1 to $2
		Men's Never Rip Shoes, Grain	$2
		Boys' Shoes, all solid.	$1 and up

RUBBERS.

All new stock; all new styles; to fit all styles of shoes. Best makes—Goodyear, Boston, Woonsockets, Mishauaka, Ball Brand and Lambertville Snag Proof.

Men's Woonsocket Rubber Boots, all sizes.	$3.50	Men's Snag Proof Rubbers	75c
Men's Snag Proof Rubber Boots	$3 and $3.50	GOODYEAR GLOVE.	
Men's Coon Tail Felts and Overs	$3.00	Men's Heavy Rubbers	50c
Men's Felts and Overs	$1.75	Children's Rubbers	25c
		Ladies' Goodyear, all styles	50c
		Ladies' Medium Cut Rubbers	35c

Large Stock to Select from.

BRADFORD, KNOX & KNOX, 56 MAIN ST.
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

The Big Double Clothing Store

With the small prices

IKE SIMONS
40-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

The Big Double Clothing Store.

THE DELUSION OF JOHN IRWIN

BY... HOWARD FIELDING

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THE upstairs girl rushed into my room to tell me that something was the matter with Mr. Irwin. In itself the information was not important; indeed, it was no real information at all. Something always was the matter with Mr. Irwin—always had been, to the best of my knowledge and belief. The gentleman himself once told me that it began 300 years before he was born. His earliest known ancestor flourished—or faintly tried to flourish—in London near the close of the sixteenth century, and nothing is now remembered of him except that he was always in trouble. The capacity for being so was his only legacy, and it had never passed out of the family.

Such being the case, the servant's words meant nothing, but her manner was relevant. She was frightened out of her wits. The spectacle of ordinary human suffering could not have alarmed nor even interested one who had served in Mrs. Reardon's boarding house for a period of seven years; therefore I was led to suspect a distinctly unusual occurrence. If something was the matter with Mr. Irwin that had never been the matter with him before it must be worth looking at, and upon this consideration I ascended two flights of stairs to the gentleman's apartment.

It must not be inferred from what I have said about Irwin's troubles that he was blind or crippled or ill of any grave disease. Ill he frequently was, but his friend, Dr. Bland, who attended him gratis, always said it was mere accident—an obscure dietary misfortune, a stray ptomaine in the lobster salad or a mouthful of air from a New York street excavation. In appearance he was healthy enough, though worn thin by worry, and prematurely gray.

His room was the farthest from the front door and worth $7 a week, with board, by Mrs. Reardon's scale of prices. It was a moderate charge for one who earned so good an income with his pen, yet Irwin was always bothering me on Saturdays for a couple of dollars to piece out Mrs. Reardon's money or to gratify the washerwoman, who must go to Coney Island on Sunday. What he did with his money heaven knows. He spoke of debt, but when he contracted it I cannot guess, unless the rumor that he had been so foolish as to assume his brother's insurance.

I found him pacing the floor, though there was little room for such exercise. His hair was rumpled, and the collar of his shirt had been ripped from its fastenings in front.

"Seven and seven are fourteen," said he, "and three are seventeen and one makes eighteen and four make—blessed heaven! I must have some money!"

"What's the matter, Irwin?" I demanded. "What are you raising such a row about?"

"Say ten," said he. "Ten and four are fourteen and one makes fifteen and four"—

"Sit down and keep quiet," said I. "You've been overworking in this hot place, and you mustn't do it any more. What you need is rest."

"Blessed heaven!" he cried. "I must have some money!"

"You worry too much," said I. "Don't do it. Let the other fellow walk the floor."

And I tried to make him sit down upon the bed.

"Seven and four are eleven and one—one for the washerwoman," he muttered, taking an old letter from his pocket and scratching upon the envelope with a pencil, "and four are sixteen and one—one for me. Two boiled eggs are ten, and coffee five, is fifteen. Twice fifteen is thirty, or, say, three times in two days."

"For heaven's sake, old man, quit figuring!" I exclaimed. "There's nothing in it. Come and take a walk. This room is an oven."

As a matter of fact that back attic is built on a plan which divine mercy rejected when perdition was in contemplation. Irwin was absurd to work in it. Yet for days and nights in the hottest August that ever baked New York he had toiled upon a long story that he was writing for the Gravesend Literary syndicate. It was sheer foolishness, and I had often asked him why he did not hire a better room.

"Wait a minute," said Irwin. "I could fix it this way—seven and four are eleven and four ones make fifteen. But what's the use? Blessed heaven, I must have some money!"

"Money is of small value compared to health," said I. "Go down and engage Mrs. Reardon's back room on the second floor; coolest room in the house. I wish I could afford it myself. Hello, here's Dr. Bland!"

"What seems to be the matter, John?" inquired the doctor.

"In the name of heaven," replied Irwin, "I must have some money."

Bland rummaged in his pockets and finally pulled out a leathern case, from which he extracted a physician's thermometer.

"Take this," said he, "and put it under your tongue."

Irwin complied readily enough, but he would not stop pacing the floor, and as he walked, with the thermometer sticking out of his mouth, he continued to make figures on the envelope.

"How long has he been this way?" asked the doctor of me.

"I don't know," I replied. "The girl told me about it. Did she call you?"

"Yes," said he. "I'm glad she had the sense to do it. John looks pretty bad."

"I told him he needed a rest," said I.

"Rest and a change of scene," assented Bland. "He ought to go to the seashore for a month or two and take life easy."

"I'm afraid he can't get away," said I. "He's turning out a story for the Gravesend people, and it ought to be done next week."

"At any rate," said the doctor, with decision, "we must get him out of this room. Isn't there a cooler place in the house anywhere? I don't want to send him to a hospital."

I mentioned the room on the second floor, adding that I did not believe John had the money to pay for it in advance, a formality which Mrs. Reardon would certainly exact, and the more particularly if it seemed that her lodger was likely to be ill.

"I'll stand half of it if you'll stand the other half," whispered Bland. "We'll fix it up with Mrs. Reardon and say nothing to John just walk him down there and put him to bed."

He took the thermometer out of John's mouth and after examining it by the window remarked that the patient had no fever. Meanwhile Irwin had begun to add again, ending his sums with the exclamation about money.

"Out of his head," said the doctor. "What he needs is a little cracked ice and a cool place to lie down in. I'll give him something to make him sleep. John," he said, turning to the patient, "we're going to take you down stairs to a better room—second floor back, you know."

"Sixteen and four are twenty," responded Irwin, "and one and one and one and one—in heaven's name, I must have some money!"

"You must have thirty grains of sulphonal," said the doctor, with decision. "That's what you need."

He took John by the right arm and I possessed myself of the left. Thus we marched the poor fellow down the stairs while he protested in a voice which grew louder constantly that sixteen and seven were twenty-three, and one for the washerwoman made twenty four. We put him to bed, and then I went out to buy some ice and to get sulphonal powders from the drugstore. The last thing I saw as I left the room was Irwin's finger making imaginary figures on the pillow. The last thing I heard was his crazy outcry, "I must, I must have some money!"

It was dinner time when I got back, but the operation of cracking ice to put on John's head, with other necessary attentions delayed me too long for Mrs. Reardon's table, so Bland and I had a dinner sent in, with a quart of champagne in a cooler. John could not eat much, but he drank nine of the ten ounces that together with the sulphonal put him to sleep a little before 9 o'clock. Then Bland and I shaded the gas so that it would not shine on the bed and sat playing poker until almost midnight, when the medical gentleman went home with $20 of my money in his pocket.

I went to my room and was soon asleep, but within an hour I was awakened by a monotonous and distressing sound. It proceeded from John, whom I found pacing his room clothed in the upper half of his ragged pyjamas and repeating his endless additions. He paused a moment as I entered and addressed me by name. It was the first time he had really recognized any one since his seizure.

"Frank," he cried, wringing his hands—"Frank, I must have some money!"

Being only half awake, I forgot that the man was out of his mind, and I replied to his appeal as if it had been rational.

"The doctor," said I, "won all my money at poker. I haven't a dollar in my clothes."

"What shall I do?" he groaned. "Seven and one are eight and four"—

But I had reached my limit of endurance, and the next instant he was lying on the bed with my right hand over his mouth and most of my weight centered upon the region of his solar plexus. While I held him thus I talked to him like a father to his only son.

"What you need," said I, "is a good night's rest, and I'm going to see that you get it. You'll be right here until you stop talking foolishness and go to sleep."

He became quiet at once, except for an occasional childish sob, but I could see that his hand was moving gently on the bedclothes and that the finger traced the outlining of figures. I released him and sat leaning against the footboard, watching the dim white hand in the darkness until I could read the figures that it traced. Instinctively I began to add them and in the midst of that exercise I fell asleep.

When I awoke, with my spine in a knot and both legs full of pins and needles, I was alarmed by the sudden view of the empty bed. Immediately, however, I perceived that John was pacing the floor, murmuring softly in the same old strain. It was almost 8 o'clock, and before I had succeeded in making John dress himself Dr. Bland arrived.

"I have arranged to spend the whole day with him, if necessary," said he. "Dr. Jacobs will look out for my patients. Of course, I shall lose some money by it, but if I can pull John out of this I shan't begrudge the dollars. Well, old man" (to Irwin) "how do you feel today?"

John stood still a minute, gnawing his fingers.

"I must, I simply must have some money," he said.

Bland looked exceedingly grave. He felt John's pulse, scrutinized his tongue, took his temperature and finally gave him some medicine out of a bottle.

"This stuff costs $2.50 an ounce even to doctors," said he aside to me. "I bought four ounces on my way over here. I don't know that it's any better than good old brandide of soda, but some people think it is."

"It's Sunday," said I, "but you know we newspaper fellows have to work seven days a week, so I've got to go down town by and by. You'll look out for John?"

He nodded, with a look of decision which indicated that he would resort to heroic measures if a favorable change did not set in very soon.

I happened to meet two or three of Irwin's friends down town in the course of the day, and I mentioned his condition. We held a sort of mass meeting on the subject and decided that what he needed was an ocean voyage. Europe was out of the question because of expense, and the cheap southward runs to Bermuda, Cuba or the gulf were unseasonable; so we settled upon a trip to Prince Edward Island. By using our united pulls for passes and collecting about $25 among us it would be possible to start him off with all expenses paid both ways.

This was our final decision. But circumstances intervened. While up town in the latter part of the afternoon, getting facts for a religious special, I ran across Theodore Bellows, who is beginning to be quite well known as a philanthropist. Bellows was in Yale when Irwin was there, and I thought he might be interested in the case. I therefore described to him the singular hallucination that had taken possession of John's mind.

"What he needs," said Bellows, "is a first rate specialist. Bland is a good man—an excellent man in general practice—but in these advanced days and when dealing with obscure mental phenomena a specialist is absolutely essential. We will engage Dr. Wilton Rockey."

"Mother of Moses!" said I. "Rockey charges $1,000 a minute. If poor Irwin comes out of his madness to find a bill from Rockey waiting for him, he will go back into it again as a mere measure of relief."

"I will defray the charges," replied Bellows. "He will be more moderate with me, as I am able to be of service to him in various ways. You need not mention the matter to him in case you should see fit to pass on your paper."

I was greatly pleased to know that Irwin would have the services of such a man as Rockey. Dr. Bland also expressed [illegible] I mentioned the matter to [illegible] reformation.

"We [illegible] to this one [illegible] It is extremely unusual. [illegible] a fad. He's [illegible] as a fad. Hear him!"

"[illegible] I will [illegible] "I [illegible] more."

Dr. Rockey [illegible] with Bellows. John [illegible] for the first time in a [illegible] pressed his fear that Rockey would not see him under the most favorable circumstances, but just before the eminent specialist arrived John began to add his sums and [illegible] and open [illegible]

The great physician looked pleased, and I could [illegible]

With the thermometer sticking out of his mouth, he continued pacing the floor.

expression when a case presents unusual features. He proceeded to put John through the tests for paresis, paranoia, dipsomania and other forms of demoniacal possession, and all the time poor Irwin was calling for money at the top of his voice.

"What he needs," said Dr. Rockey, "is regular, systematic hospital treatment. We ought to have him in our sanitarium at Flatbush tomorrow morning. As to the precise nature of his malady, I should not care to speak at this time. The only pronounced symptom is this delusion of the need of money, but that might appear in many forms of insanity. Do you concur, Dr. Bland?"

Dr. Bland concurred, and thus it happened that he and Irwin, with Mr. Bellows and myself, rode over to Flatbush next morning in a hired carriage which cost the philanthropist $10. I presume his own equipage must have been busy elsewhere.

Irwin behaved very well except for his unending additions, punctuated with the same old cry, "I must, I must have some money!"

During the next three weeks I was a regular visitor to the sanitarium, where John's case excited the greatest interest. Neither care nor expense was spared, and yet there was not the slightest change in the patient's condition.

I was returning disheartened from one of these visits when at the New York end of the big bridge I was accosted by a bronzed and weather beaten man who had to tell me three times that he was Barney Moran before I would believe him.

"I thought you were in Porto Rico drawing pictures for The Globe," said I.

"The Globe sent me down there," replied the artist, "and then wired me that the hurricane was exciting little interest in America, and so I'd better come home. I wired back for money to buy a return ticket and didn't get it, so I worked my way up in the stokehold of a steamer. I tell you, Frank, there's destitution in Porto Rico, but not nearly so much as when I was there. I lived on the bark of trees and a hatful of rainwater for three days. However, they fed me well on the steamer, only I was so damned seasick that I couldn't eat anything. But never mind my troubles. What's this I hear about John Irwin?"

I related the facts.

"I'd go over and see him this minute," said Barney, "if I had the car fare, but I haven't. I'll raise a dollar somehow between now and tomorrow forenoon, and if there's anything I can do for John"—

"Bellows and I are going over at 10 o'clock," said I. "Come over with us. You can work Bellows for the car fare."

The artist was waiting for us at the bridge entrance next morning, and we all rode out together. On the way Mr. Bellows confided to us the information that he was considering a new move in the case. It happened that Dr. Rudolph Ehrlich of Berlin, probably the greatest living authority on brain diseases, was in America at that time, and it had occurred to Mr. Bellows to bring him from Boston, where he had been attending a scientific convention. Of course the expense would be considerable, though not beyond the means of the wealthy philanthropist. He had decided to take the step if Dr. Rockey saw no objection.

We found Irwin in bed in a neat and airy room, tossing about like a man in a strychnine convulsion. He had been kept in bed most of the time, but had slept very little. Even in sleep the same strange delusion haunted him, so that he never woke refreshed. Often in the night the nurse would find him sitting upright against the headboard, as if the unseen enemy had thrust him back with a hand upon his throat, and struggling with his unintelligible problems of figures.

Moran, who, as an Irishman and an artist, has double cause to be emotional, shed tears at the sight of his friend.

"Dear old fellow!" he cried, grasping both the patient's nerveless hands and holding them true and steady, as he leaned forward across the bed. "Isn't there something—anything—that I can do for you?"

John seemed to have a faint recognition of the man and to feel the better for his presence.

"How much do I owe Mrs. Reardon?" he asked in a vague, wandering way. "It must be seven and seven and seven and seven and—yet with fifteen more two sevens are fourteen and one for me—you can get a sandwich and a cup of coffee for 5 cents at Dobbins'. Of course it isn't coffee, but a fellow can work on it, and the sandwich is a foundation for a smoke even if nobody can digest it. But what's the use? I can't get through. The Gravesend story would have paid the last of my brother's debts. If—if! Seven and seven are fourteen, I insist, I must have some money!"

"His conversation is somewhat more rational this morning," remarked Dr. Rockey, "as you can see. You don't mind what he said?"

"In the name of heaven!" cried Irwin, starting back against the brass rail from beating of the bed. "I must have some money!"

"Why, go to Hades," said Moran, turning to us, "he says he needs money."

"Not an uncommon delusion," said Dr. Rockey, smiling.

"I never saw it before," replied the artist. "I have met those whose need was not what they declared. The undeserving beggar on the street, the habitual borrower who does not pay, will add a lie to bolster up their pleas. Yet all speak truth in this—they do actually want the money and would be the happier for it. Even the fellow who will spend what you give him for drink feels a real craving that you and I may not understand or sympathize with. But it's real, for he proves it by denying himself food and shelter. As for John here, it's obvious what he wants. He wants the means to live till he can finish his story."

"He had $16 in his pocket when he was taken with this delusion," said I.

"And can't you see what he was trying to do with it?" said Moran. "Hear him add. He is trying to add up $28 of petty obligations in such a way that the total won't be more than $16. I've played that game, and the devil invented it. A man with a conscience can go crazy at it without any trouble at all."

"You do not fancy that money would do him any good?" queried Bellows.

"Fancy! I know it!" retorted Moran. "He says so himself, and I believe him. Where's his $16?"

Both men fell to the floor.

"In the safe down stairs," said Dr. Rockey.

"John," said Moran, speaking very distinctly, "you've got $16 in the safe down stairs that you can have any time you want it, and Mr. Bellows is going to lend you $12 more. Here it is."

As he spoke he took the amount which Mr. Bellows had counted out and gave it to John.

"That's $29," muttered Irwin. "Seven and seven are fourteen and four are eighteen and four are twenty-two and three are twenty seven and one for the washerwoman. Why—why, that leaves one! It can't be so. Frank, give me a piece of paper."

I handed him an envelope and a pencil, and he made figures with surprising rapidity. Suddenly he looked up with a smile that was beautiful to see.

"Boys," said he, "I'm out of the hole. I'll take a bit of a nap and then go to work. It's all right, all right at last, thank God."

He slept until 7 o'clock that evening, the first healthy and natural sleep that he had had since he came to the sanitarium, to say nothing of the months and years preceding. Moran sat beside his bed all the time. I had to go back to the city, but I got away from work in season to be present when John awoke.

Dr. Rockey and Mr. Bellows were also in the room when the patient opened his eyes. He seemed refreshed, and his expression had changed radically. He looked perfectly sane, and when he spoke it was quite with sense and precision. Singularly enough, he had a fairly accurate memory of what had occurred except regarding time. He fancied that he had been in the sanitarium only a day. He remembered the loan made by Bellows and expressed the proper gratitude.

"I feel like going to work at once," he said. "I can finish my [illegible] story in a few days, and it's my last hurdle. The end of all my troubles is near."

As he spoke he gave a hand to Moran, who of all of us was certainly best able to appreciate his feeling. Poor John! The end of all his troubles was nearer than he supposed.

"We are all extremely gratified by this favorable termination of our labors," said Bellows. "We have done our poor best and have saved a fellow creature. You regard him as saved, do you not, Dr. Rockey?"

"He's as sane as I am," replied the distinguished specialist. "The record of this hallucination," he added, turning to me, "is really wonderful. You ought to look into it."

And he favored me with a few statistics. Meanwhile Irwin was dressing, assisted by Moran.

"By the way," said Bellows, "now that you're well again, Mr. Irwin, I suppose you will want your $16. It was like state money anyway. I guess that green paper would have done as well."

"All that was needed," said Dr. Rockey, "was to displace the fixed idea, the singular delusion that held all the mind captive. Mr. Moran's experiment was very shrewd. I had been about to suggest it myself."

Irwin was just tucking away the $13 in his waistcoat pocket. Behind John's back Moran was making frantic signs to Bellows, who did not comprehend them.

"I always pay a debt when I have the money," said Irwin. "Sometimes I have the credit myself lastly, while officers, probably, have cussed my slowness. It hampers one to be absolutely penniless and by the limitation of his earnings postpones his day of freedom from all debt. However, I have $16 in the safe. Let me see—seven and seven and seven, Barney, old man, my head is [illegible]"

His face that had been pale, had suddenly reddened to a degree that was painful to witness. He turned half [illegible] and fell into Moran's arms. So weakened was the artist by fear of what he saw impending that he could not sustain the shock. Both fell to the floor, with Irwin's head upon the artist's knee.

"This is a most singular development of the case," said Dr. Rockey, stooping over Irwin. "The man is dead."

Moran, who had been so weak a moment before, suddenly lifted the body without apparent effort and laid it upon the bed. Then he turned to me and addressed me in a voice that was much like Irwin's when the strange delusion had been upon him.

"For $13," he said, "I could have bought the brightest man I ever met, and I didn't have the money!"

Did Not Know What Was Going On.

There is a fact about the French revolution more wonderful in its way than any which can be discovered in old newspapers. It is the fact, gathered from private letters of the period, that in those stirring times, when all the world was ringing with the events in Paris, there were actually people in that city living in absolute ignorance of the horrors around them. There was no reign of terror for them. They lived veritable recluses in their quiet suburban houses, hearing nothing, reading nothing of the turmoil which startled and terrified the nations. One wonders much what manner of people these oysterlike folks might be. Nothing sounds more incredible today. Yet there are many things in history not half so well authenticated, though history is curiously silent on so strange a circumstance.

Cleaning a Wicker Chair.

To clean a wicker chair take tepid soapsuds made with good white soap, to which add a large pinch of salt. If there are places that are particularly soiled or very hard to reach, use a small scrubbing brush or an old nailbrush. Then wash the whole chair, using a flannel cloth, and rinse and dry it well. When it is perfectly dry, go over it with another flannel cloth with a trifle of oil upon it to give it a final polish.

The Aromatic Clove Tree.

A peculiarity of the clove tree is that every part of it is aromatic, though the greatest strength is in the bud. Besides the buds, the stems are gathered and form an article of commerce commanding one-fifth the price of cloves and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be purchased in the home market at a lower price than whole cloves.

A Double Impediment.

A little Tioga boy was introduced by his father to a lame man, who also has an impediment in his speech. "Say, pop," whispered the boy, "that man stutters at both ends, doesn't he?"—Philadelphia Record.

An Eruption of the Skin

may result from internal or external causes, but whatever the cause or effect the remedy is here. In our stock of

Drugs & Medicines

there is a complete line of all skin Emollients and purifying medicines. Among these our preparation for

CHAPPED HANDS

stands at the head: It is a positive relief for this and other irritations of the skin.

L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Legal Notice

In re Estate of Polly Parker minor child of Noah H. Parker, late of Norwich township, deceased. In the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Pennsylvania. No. 4, February Term, 1902.

In the matter of the petition of E. E. Eldridge, guardian of said minor, praying the said court to issue a decree charging the sum of three dollars per week upon the real estate of said decedent, situate within said county, and also upon the fund in the hands of the executors of said decedent subject to the rights of dower of Gertrude Parker, now Kirchhirner, widow, therein and also praying said court to appoint a suitable trustee to take charge of said fund in the hands of said executors, and administer the same according to the trust provided for the wife of said decedent, under decree of said court.

ORDER OF COURT.

Now, January 20, 1902, within petition heard in open Court and the prayer thereof granted, returnable to the first argument term (March 10th, 1902, at 10 o'clock a. m.) notice to be given to widow of decedent and devisees and executors by personal service of two days upon those residing within this State, and upon those living without the State by publication in the McKEAN COUNTY JOURNAL three weeks in succession, the last publication to be at least one week before return day, and a copy of the paper containing the notice to be mailed to the last known address of each party.

THOS. A. MORRISON, P. J.

McKean County, ss:

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct abstract from the record, this 20th day of January, 1902.

(Seal.) GEO. W. MITCHELL, Clerk.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Solicitors for Petitioner.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 187, June Term, 1901

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Edward G. Matteson did, on the 4th day of April, 1901, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Jennie M. Matteson.

We therefore command you, the said Jennie M. Matteson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our said Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Edward G. Matteson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Edward G. Matteson should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Jennie M. Matteson, according to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1902.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 8, October Term, 1901.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, John R. Cowan did, on the 4th day of June, 1901, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Nellie M. Cowan.

We therefore command you, the said Nellie M. Cowan, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of John R. Cowan and show cause, if any you have, why the said John R. Cowan, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1902.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 187, June Term, 1901.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Stella J. McKenna did on the 19th day of April, 1901, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph McKenna.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph McKenna that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of Stella J. McKenna and show cause, if any you have, why the said Stella J. McKenna, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan 28, 1902.

Shaffer & Shaffer, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 145, October Term, 1901.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary E. Buzard did, on the 23rd day of July, 1901, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ralph W. Buzard.

We therefore command you, the said Ralph W. Buzard, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Mary E. Buzard and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Buzard, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1902.

James George, Libellant's Attorney.

"C. C. C." on Every Tablet.

Every tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic bears the famous C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Look for it and accept no other. Beware of fraud. All druggists, 10c.

A QUIET GIRL

By EMMA A. OPPER

Copyright, 1902,
By Emma A. Opper

"SUCH a nice, quiet girl," said Ralph's mother.

It was Ralph's distant cousin, Hortense De Witt, of whom she spoke. Until her arrival the evening before Ralph had never seen her. The main facts about her were that she was an orphan and an heiress and that when her guardian, with whom she lived, had gone with his family for a trip to Colorado, Hortense had declared her preference for coming out to Blakesburg to Ralph's mother and had had her way.

"A regular little lady," said Ralph's father, whose judgment was, as a rule, rather sternly critical.

Ralph said nothing. He recalled a certain singular twinkle in Hortense's bright eyes. He reflected on the peculiar circumstance of her jogging his elbow at the breakfast table so that he had spilled some water and Celia giggling behind her napkin. But he said nothing.

When he went out to the barn presently to carry Betsey, he thought for an instant that Betsey's colt had got out of the stall. Halting in the door, he perceived that it was Hortense De Witt chasing several squawking hens round and round.

She sat down on a keg, red-cheeked and dishevelled. "I have to be where I can do as I've a mind to," she declared.

"I guess you always do, don't you?" said Ralph astutely, and Hortense laughed. She felt at her neck.

"I've lost my diamond stickpin," she announced. "Never mind. I'll find it. I've lost two or three. Come on! Let's have some more fun." She cast a look around. "Have you ever walked that beam up there?" she demanded. Ralph had not. It was a very high beam and narrow.

"Well, I'm going to walk it," said Hortense.

"You're not," said Ralph.

"Ain't I?" Hortense gave a light spring and climbed into the hayloft. Lifting herself by dexterous stretches, she mounted to the high beam and stepped out upon it.

"Don't," Ralph begged.

"Why not?" She was half way across it.

"If you should fall, you'd be killed," said Ralph. Hortense increased her pace and arrived safe at the beam's end. "Come on up. What are you afraid of?" Something in her voice tarried Ralph's cheeks-rosier, but he answered steadily:

"I fell off a roof and broke my arm once, and I've never liked getting up on high places since. I get dizzy."

"Oh!" said Hortense, with no little scorn. "I don't. I'm the best performer in the gymnasium at my boarding school. Look here." She went back across the beam, pirouetting as she went, her arms spread. Ralph ceased to look at her; it made him feel sick.

"I guess," Hortense De Witt called down at him, "you're a—a 'fraid cat!"

"Maybe," said Ralph, hotly flushed.

Hortense descended nimbly. "Yes," she repeated. "I believe you are a—you know what." She snatched Ralph's cap off and tossed it to a remote corner and ran into the house.

At dinner Hortense was demure. To be sure, she caught Ralph's eye and screwed her countenance to look like the hired man, who was cross eyed, but nobody saw it but Ralph.

"She is very much like her Aunt Martha Gale," said Ralph's mother admiringly. "She was so quiet and dignified always."

Ralph smiled grimly. "I shan't squeal on her," he thought.

"Your father and I," said his mother, "are going down to John Warren's a little while. He is sick. See how well you can entertain Hortense, Ralph."

Hortense, Ralph reflected, would be more likely to entertain him. She was in the parlor, inspecting with apparent gravity the pictures and the albums, but Ralph's discerning eyes saw the mischief in hers, suppressed and waiting.

"What's in this closet, I wonder?" she inquired, her impulsive hand on the latch.

"Some old books and mother's grape wine and father's best clothes," Ralph responded rather stiffly. He had not forgotten that Hortense had called him a 'fraid cat.

Hortense opened the door a crack. She studied the contents of the closet, and, softly giggling, she took from its hook a black broadcloth coat. She put it on and buttoned it and went waltzing around the room; the long tails swung giddily as she whirled.

"Father only wears that coat to funerals and weddings," Ralph warned her, faintly grinning. Something jingled in the pocket and Hortense pulled forth a bunch of keys.

"What do they unlock?" she queried.

"Father's desk, here, for one thing," said Ralph, and was instantly sorry for answering, for Hortense went immediately to the desk.

Ralph followed. "Look here," he said, "don't unlock that. Father keeps his papers there and money sometimes. Nobody ever goes to it but him; I'm forbidden. Don't touch it."

"I'm not forbidden," Hortense retorted, and unlocked it before Ralph's eyes.

"See here," he protested, aghast and beginning to be indignant with his madcap cousin. Hortense, with a gay titter, took a bunch of papers out of a pigeonhole.

"I'm going to read 'em," said she; but she did not. Her quick ear had caught a sound. She dropped the papers, she tore off the coat and fled with it to the closet. And when the steps which she had heard came closer and Ralph's father opened the door, she was sitting by a window with a history of the civil war opened on her lap. And Ralph was left standing by the open desk, the papers scattered at his feet.

"Ralph!" said his father. Behind him was Ralph's mother, looking in with a startled face.

Red in the face, his heart beating painfully, Ralph stooped and gathered up the papers. "Ralph," said his father, "what are you doing in my desk?"

Ralph had heard him speak with that voice once before. It was when a hired man had, through hard driving and carelessness, foundered a horse. He did not answer. "Well?" said his father.

"I—don't know, sir," Ralph murmured.

"You don't know? Give me that key," said his father warmly, "and go up to your room and stay there till you find out."

Ralph glanced at Hortense De Witt. She was looking at him with frightened eyes.

He was in the habit of obeying his father, and he turned and went to his room.

Her quick ear had caught a sound.

His mother came into the room. "Ralph," she said, with a tremble in her voice, "whatever made you do it? Your father's private papers! We came back after a bottle of my grape wine that I wanted to carry to John Warren, and there you—why, I can't understand it, Ralph," said his mother.

Ralph looked out of the window.

"Your father keeps money there, you know, and I—well I don't know what he thought," said his mother quickly. Ralph grew a little pale. That was almost too much.

"He is angry with you, and I don't know what your cousin Hortense will think of you," said his mother. Ralph made a choking sound.

He saw his father and mother take up a fresh start for John Warren's presently. Then he heard his name called from out of doors. Opening his window, he saw Hortense.

"What," she demanded indignantly, "do they want to make such a fuss about it for? I'd like to know."

"I told you it was father's private desk," Ralph responded, "and when father is angry he's angry." He went back to his chair.

"Come back!" Hortense called. "Why don't you tell them it was me, then?" she asked.

"Because I ain't a sneak," Ralph answered, "even if I am a 'fraid cat," he added and shut the window, and he heard Hortense retreating, whistling in a high pitched tune.

When Ralph's father came home, he called to Ralph that he might, if he wanted to, go and help the hired man. Ralph worked the rest of the afternoon in peace of mind. The hired man, at least, had no knowledge of Hortense De Witt's latest prank and its result.

Nobody, indeed, but the hired man brought a cheerful face to the supper table. Hortense De Witt was quiet. She watched Ralph furtively, and when they rose she nudged him.

"You're a great goose," she whispered, frowning; "being blamed and scolded for something you didn't do! Why don't you tell 'em?"

Ralph frowned back at her, his chin high. "Maybe you think I'd squeal on a girl?" said he.

He played checkers with the hired man and beat him, but he kept a solemn face. His father believed that he had done a foolishly mischievous and dishonorable thing. He had lost a good part of his confidence, and it might not be easy to get it back. His father was reading something aloud to Ralph's mother and Hortense.

"I'm not in it," Ralph thought, and he said good night soberly.

But when a boy is fourteen and has a good appetite and habitually a light heart it is hard to remember unpleasant things even over night. When Ralph went down to breakfast next morning, he was thinking chiefly of something agreeable and something that lay near his heart.

"Father," he said, "if you don't need me to help Hiram, I want to go and see the horse trainer."

His father stirred his coffee.

"He's had a big tent put up, and he's going to give an exhibition. He's got some horses to sell, too—beauties, they say. I want to see the whole thing."

"Well," his father responded dryly, "there's the pumpkins over in the west lot waiting to be hauled to the barn. I don't know as a boy that opens other folks' desks when they are out of the house ought to be trusted to go off out of sight anywhere. Maybe home is the best place for him."

"Oh!" said Ralph. He did not look at Hortense De Witt.

But Hortense looked at him. Her cheeks grew red, and the redness spread to her hair and to her very ears, and suddenly she threw herself back in her chair.

"Pumpkins!" said she. "Pumpkins! He needn't either. He can go to the horse training if he wants to, I say so, and—and you'll say so in a minute."

She pushed back a stray lock from her flushed face vigorously. Ralph had not stopped to think whether Hortense was pretty or not, but he decided now that she was.

"He hasn't done anything," said Hortense. "It was me. He didn't open your desk at all. I did. He told me not to, but I felt like doing something I hadn't ought to. I generally do feel like doing things I oughtn't to do," said Hortense candidly.

"You did it?" said Ralph's father, and he fairly stared in his astonishment and relief at Hortense De Witt. He swallowed half his cup of coffee. "You!"

"I had on your coat, and the key was in the pocket—your best coat, the one you wear to funerals and weddings," said Hortense, blurting the part of the appalling truth. "I got it out of the closet and put it on."

Ralph's father gazed for a fraction of a moment, and then, against his will, he burst out with an irrepressible great laugh.

"I pon-my-word," said Ralph's mother. "Hortense De Witt!"

"Yes, I was afraid you'd be surprised," said Hortense, "and I let you blame him all this time because I hated awfully—oh, well, I've been an awful sneak, that's what!

"Pumpkins," said Hortense. "If anybody's got to haul pumpkins it ought to be me, hadn't it?" She looked at them all with a smile of apology and appeal, a sunny smile which marked her cheeks with two deep dimples, and which seemed somehow to lend a brighter and more hopeful aspect to the whole ludicrous affair.

"Well, well!" said Ralph's father, his eyes still glued to Hortense, incredulously. And his mother rested her chin on her hand thoughtfully.

"There was your uncle Frank Gale," she said. "He was a terribly mischievous boy always. He got himself expelled from two schools. I shouldn't wonder, after all, if it's your uncle Frank you take after instead of your aunt Martha." And she began considerately, to talk about the frost of the night before.

But she looked now and again at Ralph with something more than the warmth of a mother's affection; she looked at him with pride. And Ralph's father, when he rose from the table, held out his hand to his son.

"I was unjust to you, Ralph. I'm glad to know it, but sorry I made such a mistake. You'll forget it, won't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Ralph. "Yes, sir. And—can I go?"

"To the horse training? Of course," said his father heartily. "Go and enjoy it and learn how to break Betsey's colt. If you break that colt, we'll call him yours, Ralph." And that Ralph knew was to honor up to him for having it judged him and a great thing it was.

"I'll break him!" he said rejoicingly.

Hortense was waiting for him in the entry. She flung an impulsive arm over his shoulder, and her saucy face was serious for once.

"You see," she said, "I was the 'fraid cat. I was afraid to tell. I was too quick about calling you that. You're not a bit of a one."

"Nor you either," said Ralph; "not now."

"Your father and mother will want me to go home," said Hortense dismally.

"No, they won't. We'll have a first rate time. I like a girl that's got some snap anyhow," said Ralph. "Won't you go with me to the horse training? Lots of ladies went last year. Come along."

Hortense did go along. The atmosphere was cleared, and everything was straightened. They were better friends, they realized, than they would have been if Hortense had never opened the door of the parlor closet.

"I found your diamond stickpin," said Ralph, "yesterday in the barn." And he produced it.

Hortense took it, eyed it, considered for a moment and then adjusted it, with much pains, in Ralph's cravat.

"It's yours," said she; "yours to keep. Just to show you, you know, that I know you're not a 'fraid"—

"Pshaw!" said Ralph. But Hortense De Witt had her way.

He Didn't Take It.

The late Allen G. Thurman of Ohio was fond of telling the following story on himself: A friend of his in Columbus did not speak to the "Old Roman" as he thought was his due, and so one day Mr. Thurman stopped him in High street and demanded an explanation. "Look here, Smith," he said, "for the last few months I've noticed that you've either avoided me altogether or else scurried by as quickly as possible. Now, I don't like such treatment, and I don't wish you to think that just because you happen to owe me $25 or $50 it is necessary to treat me in this way."

"Why, Mr. Thurman," was the astonished rejoinder, "I don't owe you any money." "You don't, eh?" queried the indignant senator. "Didn't you come into my law office some six months ago and ask my advice on a legal matter?" "Yes," acknowledged Smith reluctantly, "that's true. I did ask your advice, but," brightening up, "I don't owe you anything, for I didn't take it."

His Finest Point of Teeth.

There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each.

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked.

"I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied.

I told him if he would indicate what he wanted I might arrange it.

"You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved and we was going to get married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sittin' on her grave weepin'."

I was touched at the homely story of grief and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as he desired.

"It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want."

I said it would.

"I thought," he answered, "what odds you could rig up a grave here in your shop and I would weep on it and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."—Edinburgh Sportsman.

The Ring of Cheops.

Cheops was the builder of the pyramid which bears his name, and, as if to make the structure imperishable, he took for all time to come the very stones and bricks of which it is composed and surrounded with his name. He lived nearly 2,500 years ago, his great pyramid being an antiquity in the days when the great nations of old were in their youth and yet we of this twentieth century can have the satisfaction of looking upon the very ring he wore so proudly upon his finger. The hieroglyphics on the ring are minutely accurate and beautifully executed, the ring itself being of finest gold and weighing nearly an ounce. The oval signet bears the name of Cheops, which is in hieroglyphics in perfect accord with the stamp on the bricks of the great pyramid. This remarkable antiquity was found in a tomb at Ghizeh. It now reposes in the museum of the New York Historical society.

A Couple of Jokers.

Judge Joseph Aspinall's reputation as a humorist on the bench is proverbial, but when off the bench he rarely jokes. Hence it was that Assistant District Attorney Martin W. Littleton, the after dinner speechmaker, was taken by surprise when the judge calmly inquired:

"Martin, you are interested in athletics. Tell me the name of the champion shot putter."

"I'll have to pass that, judge."

"Well then, what's the matter with common?"

Mr. Littleton recled from the impact, but quickly recovering, replied:

"Ah, yes, very neat. But by the way, have you noticed the entries in the dog paper classes?"

"Paper dogs? What paper dogs?" said the judge unguardedly.

"The class for greyhounds, judge. Good day. Glad to have met you."—New York Times.

How to Distinguish Tender Beef.

Meat, to be wholesome, must come from a healthy animal, to be nutritious, from a well nourished one. Much used resists absorption and is of inferior quality, but this is not always the case. This is, however, rather than a lack of juices, less used, because the connective tissue and blood vessels as well as the contents of the muscle tubes.

The loin of good beef is firm, muscle and when first cut purplish red, the surface becoming bright red and moist after exposure to the air. The tenderer cuts are fine grained and well mottled with fat; a thick layer of firm, light, straw colored fat extends over the rib and loin cuts; the kidney suet is white and crumbly. Flabby, dark or coarse beef with yellow fat is poor. If it has little fat, it is from an old or underfed creature.—Beatrice Raven in American Queen.

A French Bread Laws.

The French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior. In the large fortified cities he has to keep a specified quantity of flour on hand to provide for warlike emergencies.

In Germany laws of similar import are in existence and are enforced with such severity that no baker ever dreams of defying them.

He Makes It Pay.

Benson—Talk about the lamentable state of the public service! Why, there's Nestor, for instance. He has been in public office for twenty-five years, and what, I should like to know, has he ever accomplished?

Weston—Well, he has had a job all that time. Surely that's something.—Boston Transcript.

The Uses of the Sword.

The uses to which the sword has been put seem to have been almost as varied as its appearance when we recall the anecdote told of Charlemagne, who said, as he used the pommel of his sword to put his stamp on treaties, "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care that they are kept."

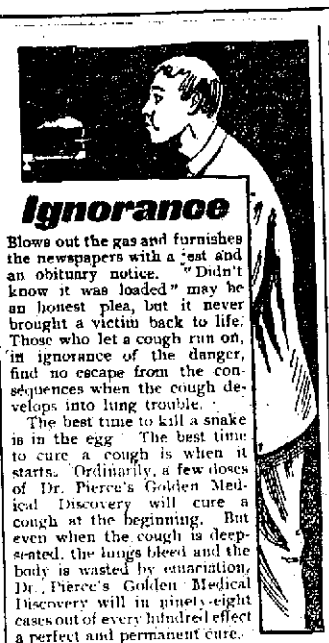
Easily Accounted For.

Blobbs—He says he would rather fight than eat.

Slobbs—Pugnacious, eh?

Blobbs—No; dyspeptic.—Philadelphia Record.

About 600,000 trees are annually planted by Swedish school children under the guidance of their teachers.



Ignorance

Blows out the gas and furnishes the newspapers with a jest and an obituary notice. "Didn't know it was loaded" may be an honest plea, but it never brought a victim back to life. Those who let a cough run on, in ignorance of the danger, find no escape from the consequences when the cough develops into lung trouble.

The best time to kill a snake is in the egg. The best time to cure a cough is when it starts. Ordinarily, a few doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough at the beginning. But even when the cough is deep-seated, the lungs bleed and the body is wasted by emaciation, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred effect a perfect and permanent cure.

"My husband had been coughing for years and people frankly told me that he would go like consumption," writes Mrs. John Shurtman, of No. 2 24th Place, Chicago, Ill. "He had such terrible coughing spells we not only grew much alarmed but looked for the bursting of a blood vessel on a hemorrhage at most any time. After three days' coughing he was too weak to cross the room. The doctor did him no good. I stated the case to a druggist, who handed me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husband's recovery was remarkable. In three days after he began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he was up and around—and in two more days he went to work. Two bottles cured him."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Tuesday, February 11th, 1902, by Henry Hamlin, Ralph E. Burdick, Fred D. Gallup, Orlo J. Hamlin and John Forrest, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "SMETHPORT TRUST COMPANY," the character and object of which is the insuring of owners of real estate, mortgagees and others interested in real estate from loss by reason of defective titles, liens and incumbrances, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

BOUTON & GALLUP, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 14th, 1902.-8t

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"Mis' Brennan's Kid"

By... Ceceily Allen

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.

The entire neighborhood had long since decided that Mrs. Brennan's youngest hopeful would close his earthly career through the unwelcome attentions of the proverbial hangman. Maggie Brennan, aged fifteen, was a popular employee at Johnson's cigar factory. Young Dan was a district messenger boy, and even little Jennie earned odd pennies by caring for the neighbors' children when the latter were called away to christenings, funerals and weddings.

But from the day that the "Kid," at the tender age of nine months, had fallen from the fire escape to the areaway, striking three clotheslines en route, and had set up howling vigorously, but unhurt, his young life had been marked by a succession of startling and nerve distracting events. Even his good natured (?) mother had begun to regard him as hopeless, and his one friend was pretty Miss Harris, whose pink and blue shirt waists and daintily embroidered skirts decorated the Brennan clothes horse each ironing day. Meta Harris always declared that the "Kid" was particularly intelligent and some day would perform a great deed.

On this afternoon the "Kid," having reached the age of three and having acquired sufficient wisdom to snatch a stick of licorice from a weaker and meeker playmate in the gutter, had wandered far from home.

An overdose of licorice on this hot, sultry day had affected the "Kid" as nothing had ever done before. He yearned for the narrow, dim court and the towering tenement, to say nothing of a drink and his mother's restful bosom. But all around him was mud, the thick, yellow mud of a newly opened street, and beyond disgustingly new cottages painted in aesthetic tints and surrounded by gardens laid out in geometrical flower and lawn patterns—that is, all were thus laid out save one. It was overgrown with weeds, which had choked out the flowers planted there early in the spring.

A young man in a natty flannel suit had paused at the gate and was surveying with a clouded brow the scene of desolation. It hardly seemed possible that just four months previous he and she had planted those flowers, coming to each evening to water them, pick out the weeds and put finishing touches within doors.

The parlor furniture had been put in place. Even some of the shining tinware had found its way to the small pantry when the quarrel came.

He had done his best to smooth over the difficulty, but finally one afternoon he had walked over to the little cottage, which represented his savings of two hard years, closed and barred the windows and doors and with a heavy heart had walked out through the small gate. Never mind, had he been now the buried ground of his high hopes until this morning. Vaguely he had felt lately that something ought to be done with the place.

The frown deepened as he turned away and marched resolutely down the street. He would see a real estate man at once and offer the place at any sacrifice. Then he'd try his luck in South America. The papers all said there were great openings down there for clever fellows from the States.

"Mamma! Ma!"—

Jack Griswold stopped communing with the disagreeable past and stared down upon a bedraggled, forlorn bit of humanity.

"Hello, old chap! Are you black or white?"

The "old chap" resented the familiar address, fell to weeping lustily and rolled disconsolately in the soft mud.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Jack, bending over the little fellow, "you mustn't do that! You'll be a sight. Guess you're lost."

Griswold glanced helplessly at the neat cottages and then at the child of the slums. How ever did the youngster get way out here? And his sobs were actually pitiful. Jack thought of a policeman, but such officials were seldom needed in this quiet neighborhood.

Finally pity overcame discretion, and Jack grasped a small hand and led the runaway toward the cottage over which he had but lately been gloating in misery. He unlocked the door and led the culprit to the kitchen, turned on the water and awkwardly washed the astonished denizen of Diggle's court.

"There! When I get a few layers of dirt off I'll take you to the nearest police station, and they can locate your ma. But I'll be hanged if I'd drag such a connecting link as you were through the streets."

A fresh handkerchief was sacrificed on the altar of cleanliness, and then Griswold started toward the door with his unexpected charge. But here another surprise was in store for him. The skies were overcast, and lightning was playing along the horizon. There was nothing to do but wait till the storm passed by.

Griswold sank into a rocker in the tiny parlor, and "Mis' Brennan's Kid" clambered familiarly upon his knee. The afternoon was sultry, the little head sank lower and lower on Griswold's immaculate flannel suit, and soon a soft, even breathing filled the quiet room.

The storm gathered and burst, but the child slept on, and Griswold, with half closed eyes, lived over again the happy days when he and she had planned and furnished the cottage.

A sudden flash of vivid lightning and a shrill feminine shriek.

"Oh, Mrs. Brennan, if only I had a key we could get in here! And porches and trees are so dangerous!"

Jack rose to his feet, the sleeping child still clasped in his arms. There was no mistaking that voice. For an instant he hesitated, then threw open the door.

Two women crouched in the portal. One was middle aged and haggard, her sleeves rolled up to her elbow and her apron tossed over her head. The other was young and dainty and fair to look upon even in her tearful fright. They rose and faced the sudden vision in the doorway.

The older woman gave a scream, half of anger, half of joy.

"It's me Kid! Where did ye found him?" Then, without waiting for reply, she jerked the sleeping child from Griswold's arms and fell to weeping and scolding over him in true Irish fashion.

Ten minutes later the storm died down as suddenly as it had risen, and Mrs. Brennan and her "Kid," duly provided with car fare, were wending their way toward the nearest trolley line.

The younger woman still stood at the window, staring out upon the weeds which hung heavy with moisture. She tapped her fingers mechanically on the window pane.

"I had gone over to Mrs. Brennan's for a shirt waist I needed," she remarked suddenly, as if she felt that an explanation was obligatory, "and she was nearly crazy about the 'Kid.' I felt so sorry for her, and we kept walking and walking, and every one had seen the little boy, they said, and we followed the trail till we got here—and"—

She turned suddenly and faced Griswold, who was regarding her anxiously. The contrast between his grave, pleading face and his generally demoralized attire was ludicrous. The departing "Kid" had left as mementos of his short stay ill-gotten stains of licorice and mud on Griswold's soft flannel suit. One grimy hand had evidently found a resting place on Jack's smooth shaven cheek.

Meta Harris stopped laughing and exclaimed:

"Oh, to think you'd be so good to that miserable 'Kid.' You've made me feel so—so mean and insignificant." Her face was very sober now. "Do you think, Jack, you could forgive me, and"—

"Bless that 'Kid!'" exclaimed Jack as they walked home in the twilight. Meta had resolutely refused to board a trolley car in consideration of Jack's soiled raiment. "When we get settled, the little chap can play up here every Saturday."

"Yes," mused Meta, "I always said that boy would do something worth while."

California Humming Bird.

The nest is about the size of half the shell of a common duck's egg and is made of plant down and cobwebs, with a slight outside garniture of moss, being a much less compact and interesting structure than that of the eastern ruby throat. It is placed on a twig of a cork elm, a little too high to be looked into from the piazza, and in all probability is kept in its precarious position for the twig upon which it rests is no thicker than an ordinary lead pencil—by a glutinous substance collected by the bird from the honey bearing flowers which it visits in securing food.

The little occupant—a sober, sombre bird like the female ruby throat—allows herself to be observed from the distance of four or five feet, though her attitude is one of great alertness, and any sudden movement on the part of her observer will immediately send her off. There is something in the position of the eye, so far up in the head, in the long and very slightly curved bill and in the short up flirted tail as she sits rather high in her tiny nest that is suggestive of a pygmy woodcock.—Independent.

Walnut Grain.

In order to imitate walnut grain rub down the article to be stained without oil, then charge a sponge with potassium permanganate and squeeze it out again until nearly dry. With this dab the wood, using something to protect the hands while doing it to prevent their being dyed brown. Next saturate with alkanna root oil and polish lightly. Follow with another dabbing with a well squeezed out sponge previously saturated with a filtered solution of best bismarck brown in spirit. When this has dried for a short time, continue the polishing, sprinkling on a little pumice stone and dabbing where necessary with the sponges, as explained above. The process will produce a handsome graining.

Why Eyes Are Light and Dark.

An interesting point is the cause of the different shades of color we see in the eyes. On a certain membrane in the interior are numerous cells called "pigment" cells. When these are present in very great numbers, they produce that deep black color of some eyes and in proportion to their numbers decrease also the depth of color till finally a light blue is reached. In certain eyes these pigment cells do not exist at all, being wanting, indeed, all through the system, hair and skin. A person of this description is called an albino, and among animals we find a parallel in the case of the white rabbit.—Chambers' Journal.

Love Marriages.

"Was it a love marriage, do you think?"

"Certainly. All marriages are love marriages."

"Isn't that rather a sweeping statement?"

"Not at all. There are love of adventure, you know, love of luxury, love of advertising and various other kinds of love. There is no need of going into details when one speaks of a love marriage."

Something Like One.

"Did you notice how she jabbered away when she sat there between those two men?" "Goodness, yes! It made me think of a tongue sandwich.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It is human nature to desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals.—Chicago News.

Hope lives where sky and sea meet.—Temple House.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey of Smethport and Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McGill of this place were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Provin last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lena Spencer and children of Mt. Jewett has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Otto, of this place.

Mrs. Jane Dickerson, who has been spending a few weeks with her son, Orman, of Granere, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duff of Frewsburg, N. Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Derby last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Callen of East Smethport was calling on friends in East Valley last Friday.

There will be a ball given in Tyler's hall Feb. 11, 1902. Everybody is invited.

Pat Lane of the west side was calling on friends on the east side last Sunday.

Nate Hovey of Rew City was calling on friends in the valley last Sunday.

Joe Brossler of Sartwell was calling on friends in the valley last Friday.

Mr. Trimble, who has been ill, is not much better at this writing.

Mrs. Lewis has been on the sick list for a few days.

Claud Shattuck has been in Buffalo for a few days.

George Otto was in Smethport last Saturday.

D. W. Derby was in Coleville last Sunday.

LARABEE.

The teacher of the Sartwell school took her pupils out for a sleighryde Monday afternoon. There are certainly no weak lungs in that school. 'Twas enough to make a Commanche Indian turn green with envy.

Miss Jennie Moore of Ovid, Mich., who has been visiting her brother, Dell, for the past month, went to Bath, N. Y., Wednesday where she will visit at the home of her uncle, John Moore.

Several of our young people attended the birthday party given in honor of Fay Taylor at the home of her father, Chas. Taylor, at Turtle Point on Monday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Windsor was called to Port Allegany Saturday by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Reuben Moses.

Mrs. Ida Taft of Belvidere, N. Y., is spending some days at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Foster.

Emmet Ginning, accompanied by his sister, Miss Mary, are visiting relatives in Allegany, N. Y.

S. W. Smith of Port Allegany passed through town Thursday enroute for the county seat.

Mrs. D. Daly spent Sunday with relatives in Salamanca, N. Y.

EAST SMETHPORT.

The table class of the Union church enjoyed a sleighride to Orson Gallup's at Norwich, where dancing was indulged in till the wee small hours. All report a lively time.

G. C. Oviatt is having a fishing job at his well on John Rush's farm. His host of friends all unite in wishing him a hasty recovery of the tools.

The primary classes of the East Smethport school, chaperoned by their teacher, Miss O'Connel, enjoyed a sleighride last Thursday.

Miss Myrtle Oviatt returned to Bradford on Monday after a ten days' visit with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. U. Weisz departed on Monday for a two weeks' visit with friends in Boston, Mass.

It is rumored that a hugging social will take place in town in the near future.

James Dennison is building a barn on his farm. O. F. Chase is doing the work.

Our rural free mail delivery system is almost a certainty.

CLERMONT.

Wm. Fiddler returned home last Thursday from Shawmut, Elk county, where he has been working in the mines.

F. J. Silfies, our genial landlord of the Clermont House, is making a trip in Jefferson county this week.

Republican caucus last Saturday went off very quietly. There was not much opposition.

Frank Sheelander of Kasson attended the Republican caucus last Saturday.

Subscribe for the MINER and get the news from all over your own county.

J. J. Hafner offers to sell his farm. Object, ill health.

John Delley is on the sick list.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Jack G. Harris.
Auditor General—Jno. G. McCurdy.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—James Lyon.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Members of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyce, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Mclain, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—L. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Chas. F. Hungerville, Smethport.
Comm'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioner—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodbeck, Bradford.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport, R. G. Bartle, Port Allegany, James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. F. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. F. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Verder.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constables—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—F. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Mayo, treasurer; J. P. Gallup, secretary; W. L. Sherman, H. W. Roberts, Prof. Engelhorn.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—E. A. Hyde.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex. Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Clemson.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. P. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 486, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. We'll work Initiary degree first meeting in each month, 1st degree on second, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

A. M. THAMAS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 272, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. SAVAGE, Chief Patriarch.
F. M. CHOYAL, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 241, meets first and third Tuesday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the G. A. R. Hall.

R. MAYO, Comm'r.
H. L. SPRINGAMER, Adjutant.

W. R. A.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PERRY, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keyes Hall.

Z. T. GILLORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 6, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, K. R.

L. O. T. M.—Bonnie Brae Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday evenings.

MRS. ANNA E. GILLORD, Com.
MRS. ELLA HOGARTH, R. K.

C. M. P. A.—Meets every Wednesday at 8 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, R. S.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday at 3 o'clock p. m. at Y. M. C. A. Hall.

MISS A. C. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres't.
ADELE C. SCULL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 55, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

J. H. LEWIS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Pa. erson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days.....10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days.....7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days.....9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days.....2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:03 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:35 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 7:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Huffman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days; 10:38 a. m. Sundays; Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman Sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:25 a. m.—Daily except Saturday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, intermediate stations, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

2:45 a. m.—Daily, for Emporium and intermediate stations, New York 11:00 a. m., week days, 10:45 a. m. Sundays; Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

3:15 a. m.—Daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:26 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:40 p. m.—Train 69, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.		
SOUTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	11 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 46
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 26	Straight	11 20
10 28	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smiths Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 1:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 209, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Reed Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. R. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. B. & K. RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1901.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	19
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Bradford, Leave	7 40	10 35	1 30	4 05	. .
Kinzua Junc.	8 15	10 50	2 05	4 40	. .
Aiken	8 25	10 55	2 10	4 45	. .
Parks	8 35	11 05	2 15	4 50	. .
Simpson	8 40	11 10	2 21	4 56	. .
Ormsby	8 40	11 15	2 30	5 06	. .
Smethport, Ar.	9 05	11 45	2 55	5 30	. .
Lv.	8 10	10 40	1 55	4 30	. .
Mt. Jewett	9 10	11 45	3 00	5 36	. .
Kane, Ar.	9 45	12 20	3 35	6 10	. .
Lv.	9 46	. .	4 30	. .	. .
Nansen	10 18	. .	5 07	. .	. .
Sheffield Junc.	10 38	. .	5 30	. .	. .
Marienville	11 30	. .	6 15	. .	. .
Tylersburg	12 00	. .	6 50	. .	. .
Lucinda	12 15	. .	7 17	. .	. .
West Clarion	12 40	. .	7 35	. .	6 00
Carbon Junc.	12 48	. .	7 38	. .	6 04
Shippenville	1 00	. .	7 53	. .	6 19
Knox	1 10	. .	8 13	. .	6 32
St. Petersburg	1 57	. .	8 54	. .	7 16
Foxburg	2 10	. .	9 08	. .	7 30
Parker	2 25	. .	. .	. .	7 40
Petrolia	2 52	. .	. .	. .	8 07
Chicora	3 10	. .	. .	. .	8 25
Butler	4 10	. .	. .	. .	9 20
Callery Junc.	4 25	. .	. .	. .	9 35
Allegheny, Ar.	5 30	. .	. .	. .	10 46
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

NORTHBOUND.

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	20
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Allegheny, Lv.	. .	. .	. .	7 00	3 20
Callery Junc.	. .	. .	. .	8 30	4 28
Butler	. .	. .	. .	9 30	5 15
Chicora	. .	. .	. .	10 10	5 54
Parker	. .	. .	. .	10 28	6 13
Foxburg	. .	4 35	. .	10 50	6 40
St. Petersburg	. .	4 50	. .	11 15	7 01
Knox	. .	5 35	. .	11 40	7 15
Shippenville	. .	5 52	. .	12 15	8 00
Carbon Junc.	. .	6 04	. .	12 32	8 16
West Clarion	. .	6 07	. .	12 45	8 30
Lucinda	. .	6 37	. .	12 48	8 33
Tylersburg	. .	8 38	. .	1 15	. .
Marienville	. .	7 32	. .	1 34	. .
Sheffield Junc.	. .	8 17	. .	2 00	. .
Nansen	. .	8 37	. .	2 20	. .
Kane, Ar.	. .	9 15	. .	3 55	. .
Lv.	7 35	10 10	1 25	4 10	. .
Mt. Jewett	8 10	10 45	2 00	4 35	. .
Ormsby	8 40	11 15	2 30	5 05	. .
Smethport, Ar.	9 05	11 45	2 55	5 30	. .
Lv.	8 10	10 40	1 55	4 30	. .
Simpson	8 40	11 24	2 38	5 14	. .
Parks	8 55	11 30	2 45	5 20	. .
Aiken	9 00	11 35	2 50	5 25	. .
Kinzua Junc.	9 05	11 40	2 55	5 30	. .
Bradford, Ar.	9 40	12 10	3 25	6 00	. .
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains 2 and 5 run daily between Bradford, Smethport and Kane. All other trains daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. M. KENNY, Gen. Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

MCCLELLAND & M'ILHENNY, Lessees.

				9 00	9 00
			Mt. Jewett, Ar.	8 40	12 30
			Lv.	8 40	12 30
			Hazelhurst	7 39	12 07
			Marienville	7 29	11 45
			Nansen	7 23	11 30
			Cobbs	7 18	11 18
				7 10	11 10
				p. m.	a. m.
5 45	2 30	8 55	Smethport	7 15	. .
		9 14		7 03	10 58
6 07	2 43	9 27	Farmers Valley	6 56	10 51
6 14	2 49	9 34	Corryville	6 50	10 45
6 20	2 55	9 40	Larabee	6 50	10 46

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down	STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7 40	11 30	7 00
7 50	11 52	6 48
8 12	12 06	6 40
8 22	12 19	6 28
8 29	12 28	6 20
	A. M.	P. M.
8 47	12 50	6 00
9 07	1 10	5 40
	1 27	5 23
	1 31	5 20
	1 40	5 12
	1 45	5 07
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	6 03	6 08
8 05	6 30	5 42
8 35	7 00	5 10
8 40	7 05	5 05

Southward	STATIONS	Northward
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
7 40	Kaul	6 45
8 03	Paine	6 20
8 08	Kersey	6 16
8 26	Elbon	5 44
8 50	Hyde	5 19
P. M.		A. M.
	St. Marys	7 25
7 40	St. Marys	6 47
7 57	Kaul	6 45
8 03	Paine	6 20
8 08	Kersey	6 16
8 26	Elbon	5 44
8 50	Hyde	5 19
P. M.		A. M.
	St. Marys	7 25
7 40	St. Marys	6 47
7 57	Kaul	6 45
8 03	Paine	6 20
8 08	Kersey	6 16
8 26	Elbon	5 44
8 50	Hyde	5 19
P. M.		A. M.

Close connections at St. Marys with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. Ry. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar	Dp	L'v Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19	
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26	
7.32	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32	
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02	
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10	
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20	
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.33	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25	3.30	10.45	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport,			P.M.	
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.20	
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0	
4.05	7.38	12.05	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.32	
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37	
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0	
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.27	1.57	
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01	
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0	
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0	
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.